"J O H N N Y U T A H"

Screenplay

By

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Story

By

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FADE IN

A dark sky drizzles upon the city street. Footsteps smack against the damp pavement, as TWO MEN wearing drab suits under bulletproof vests, run into frame with handguns drawn. The camera follows them along the storefronts, until they abruptly stop before

FIRST VIRGINIA BANK

and slam their backs against the wall. Guns high. Eyes wide. Breath fast. JOHNNY UTAH is 26-years-old, strong, and handsome. DRAB SUIT is a jerk.

DRAB SUIT
C'mon, the big college quarterback. Mr. Rose Bowl. It was a media thing, right? Because nobody, and I mean nobody, names their kid Johnny Utah.

UTAH
Cover me!

UTAH presses the weapon up against his cheek, swallows hard, and spins inside the glass doors.

INT. BANK

A bank robbery in progress. CUSTOMERS face down, sprawled where they stood. Nervous eyes. TWO OBSERVERS stand oddly watching, holding clipboards, and taking notes. Totally ignoring them, the first BANDIT wears a

MICKEY MOUSE

mask. Packs a .38 Special. Leaps from the counter. Holds a canvas sack filled with booty from the teller's drawers.

MICKEY MOUSE MASK
Fuckin' shake it, Plut!

PLUTO

nods his dog mask with the cloth ears. The bandit loosely swings a sawed-off shotgun. His back is turned.

MICKEY MOUSE

hurries toward the exit. Suddenly, the canvas sack <u>explodes</u> into blue ink & tear gas, apparently a "dye pack" disguised as cash. Blue money rains from the acoustic tiles. Micky wobbles in a daze.

UTAH

pounces into the confusion, slams gunmetal across his neck, and Mickey collapses.

PLUTO

gunbutts Utah's groin, then swings upward across his cheek, a skull rattler, throwing Utah hard into a counter. The bandit sprints out the glass doors.

CUSTOMERS

chase after the raining bills. A fiscal feeding frenzy. Mickey is mauled by fat ladies and bald men.

UTAH

claws to his feet. He blocks the pain, barges through the greedy customers, and out into the grey drizzle.

EXT. FIRST VIRGINIA BANK

Drab Suit lies facedown on the pavement. In the distance, more OBSERVERS hold clipboards. Suddenly the storefronts appear fake, like a Hollywood set.

Utah hears the smack of footsteps. A car engine in the parking lot. He sprints, turns the brick corner, and sees

PLUTO

jump into a getaway CHRYSLER.

PLUTO
Punch it, Minnie darlin'!

The driver, MINNIE MOUSE, accelerates fast.

UTAH

digs. He leaps, somehow grabs Minnie's doorhandle, and is dragged across the parking lot. His torso and legs bleeding, he pulls himself up, reaches inside the window, and whips the steering wheel hard left.

The Chrysler fishtails into a parked Toyota. Utah bounces forward, slamming to the asphalt. Glass shards and crushed steel are strewn everywhere, as radiator steam whistles hot.

Minnie Mouse pushes open her door. Gropes for her pistol. Utah springs - no respect for a lady. He slams the door, pins her arm, and slams again, and again until the gun drops. Utah kicks it away, as Minnie collapses in pain.

Pluto bails out, and runs across parking lot. Utah leaps up onto the crushed hood, draws the gunmetal .357 magnum, and takes a bead.

UTAH
Halt or I'll shoot!

Pluto spins. We sense a reckless anger. He raises the snout of his shotgun. Utah squeezes the trigger.

No death. No blood. Just laser lights. Buzzers & flashing bulbs. Pluto's flak vest lights up like a pinball machine. Utah's laser pistol hit the "kill zone." The Pluto mask comes off, and the FBI cadet shakes his head in disgust.

The OBSERVERS step forward. Bank customers. Bank tellers. All FBI personnel. MEDICAL STAFF offer Minnie Mouse assistance. Drab Suit wanders up. Mickey Mouse stumbles right behind. Pluto rants in the background.

PLUTO/CADET
Sonofa-fuckin'-bitch! Nearly killed us, Utah! It's a goddamn simulation! Make fuckin' believe. And you're smashing cars and playing Captain America!

Utah stares back in defiance. He turns toward a WHITE-HAIRED MAN, wearing an *"FBI Instructor"* sweat shirt, who winks. Someone finally turns off Pluto's flak vest. The buzzing & flashing stop, and the cadet angrily pushes close.

Johnny-fuckin'-Utah. Assholes like you will do anything to win!

Utah turns to Pluto, raises his laser pistol point blank, fires, and re-triggers the flak vest. More lights, more buzzers. Pluto is restrained, as Utah walks off, down the simulated urban street, past a sign which bears the FBI seal and reads *"Combat Village Quantico, Virginia."*

CUT TO:

INT. QUANTICO INSTRUCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

A dark, sterile room with an American flag. Still in his suit, UTAH stands before a desk, where the same WHITE HAIRED MAN sits, inspecting an open file. He looks up.

WHITE HAIRED MAN
Your choice.

UTAH
Los Angeles.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

Dreamy shot of the water. A tangerine sun squashes flat against the horizon. Very spiritual. A lineup of SURFERS wait outside the break. Five foot faces. Nice curl.

We pull back to reveal JOHNNY UTAH standing in a dingy suit, opened collar, briefcase in the sand. He holds a Miller Draft in one hand, and his wingtips in the other.

INT. "I LOVE SUSHI" - DAY

UTAH sits at the bar, studying his raw fish & seaweed. The SUSHI CHEFS shout a hard-syllabled Japanese greeting to new customers. Utah flinches, knocks over his sake, which spills upon his newspaper. The sake stain smears the pen circles drawn in the listings of *Malibu Apartment Rentals*.

EXT. URBAN MALIBU - DAY

A FIREBIRD TRANS-AM, with an obnoxious bird mural enameled across the hood, patrols the Pacific Coast Highway through the glitzy urban blight of "downtown" Malibu. A CONVERTIBLE drives alongside packed with GORGEOUS TEENAGE GIRLS. The flirtatious gals go wild, throw kisses, and speed away.

UTAH smiles. He studies the soggy newspaper listings. Rubbernecking for addresses, Utah spots something, and turns into a parking lot sheparded by a 30-foot "Mr. Hickory Burger." Utah stares.

EXT. APARTMENT ALLEY - DAY

Our view of the ocean is squeezed between stucco walls of a sleazy apartment complex. UTAH stands at a doorstep, staring down the outdoor hallway at the water. Up walks a sun-baked 45-YEAR-OLD WOMAN, a string bikini barely containing globs of cellulite.

GLOBS OF CELLULITE
Well Johnny, the rent's outrageous, it faces an alley, hardly any light, paper thin walls, no parking, hot plate's busted, freon leak in the fridge, but it's on the beach.

UTAH
Take an out-of-town check?

EXT. MALIBU BEACH - DAY

Now wearing a turned-around baseball cap, and Indianapolis Colts shorts, UTAH stands on the beach. A pack of BOUNCING BEAUTIES jog through frame. Utah grins, reaches up, and turns his cap around. It reads *I Love L.A.*

CUT TO:

EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING - DAY

The skyscraper shines above the grass park at Wilshire & Veteran. The camera moves toward the 17th floor.

HARP (VO)
(deep breathing)
Congrats, Special Agent. You landed the bank robbery capital of the world. Had 1322 last year - up 26% from year past.

INT. FBI BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

The FBI seal. It reads *Fidelity - Bravery - Integrity.* Camera pans along row of framed portraits. Ronald Reagan. Herbert Hoover. William Webster.

That's about four a day. Heck, Chicago only had 41 all year. Kudos to branch banking, great freeways, and a populace of drug addicts. But we pinch 'em.

Camera pans an ornate plague. *"FBI Service Awards - 10, 20, 25, 30 years."* Ugly mugshots comprise the *"Ten Most Wanted List."* Nearby are endless columns of b&w bank surveillance photos depicting bandits in the act.

We're very proud of our 81% arrest rate. Bandit uses a gun and he's got 25 years to learn the license plate biz.

Camera finds a framed enlargement of a bank surveillance photo. Two bandits, unaware of each other's presence, rob a bank at the same exact time.

A door plague reads *Supervisor Benjamin Harp.* The inside office is covered with framed photos of a handsome "kiss-ass" man shaking hands with important people.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

the same MAN, a fitness freak, his side to us, bent forward against his desk stretching out his calves.

HARP
Eating solid breakfasts, Utah? All the food groups? Avoiding red meat? White flour? Sugar? Caffeine?

We find UTAH hiding a snicker from GQ-esque BEN HARP - middle thirties, sunbooth tanned skin, perfect hair, Italian suit - who stops, squats, and bounces lightly.

UTAH
Sir?

HARP
Maintaining cardio-vascular fitness? Staying off hard liquor? Cigarettes? Saying your prayers at night?

Harp stands perfectly straight.

You're gonna need it, hot shot. Here you gotta earn an attitude - because I just buried the one you walked in with.

UTAH
(a beat)
You saying no coffee and glazed jellies?

CUT TO:

INT. GYMNASIUM POOL - DAY

The pool casts wavy distortions upon TWO DOZEN MEN, all grumbling as they stand in line, wearing t-shirts with FBI logos, sweats, & sneakers. We hear a splash, and the men shuffle forward.

PAPPAS (VO)
Why they saddling me with some Quantico yuppie with closed eyes and wet fur?

Close on tape measure wrapped around a generous belly. We pull back to reveal veteran Special Agent DOBBS measuring the ample waist of ANGELO PAPPAS. This 54-year-old, silver haired Greek stands like a proud bull.

DOBBS
Angelo, we need a bigger tape.

PAPPAS
Just read the goddamm number. At least my arms don't flap in the breeze.

Dobbs secretly squeezes his bicep, as Pappas rubs his belly like a Zulu chief.

PAPPAS
The dolls love this baby. They rub it and it brings 'em luck - right between their buttons.

DOBBS
Still a 46. Maybe we can cinch it down, wear a girdle-

PAPPAS
Screw yourself and this holistic fitness crap! What does it matter? Only four months until they boot me out.

A whistle blows. A broad-shouldered MAN wearing a FBI cap barks at the Greek.

BIG SHOULDERS
Okay Pappas, lets put on the blindfold and get with it. Wanna see you retrieve at least two bricks from the bottom.

Pappas shoots a dirty look, as Dobbs ties the blindfold, and guides him to the edge.

VARIOUS COMMENTS
No eating the bricks.., Angelo, do a cannonball... Don't bust the pool...

PAPPAS
I've been in the field 33 years, fired my piece exactly 23 times in the line of duty, and for the life of me, I'm at a loss to figure out what a blind man fetching bricks has gotta do with being a goddamn Special Agent!

He leaps into the pool. We see the blindfolded Pappas grovel along the bottom, and find a brick.

VARIOUS COMMENTS
Orca's got one... Watch out, Seaworld... He's pissing again...

JOHNNY UTAH walks up, stands at the end of the line, which is wrapped along the pool's edge. Looking puzzled over all this, he whispers to the agent in front of him.

UTAH
So which one is Angelo Pappas?

Pappas surfaces at Utah's feet, grabs the edge, and angrily slaps two bricks on the tiles. He looks up and frowns.

PAPPAS
Malaka, you must be that quarterback.

UTAH
You the pool sweep?

Pappas extends his hand.

PAPPAS
Join the bureau, get a brick.

Utah reaches down to pull him out. Pappas yanks hard, sending Utah flying into the pool.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK "CRIME SCENE" - DAY

A disgusting splash of blood. We are overwhelmed at the reality of a man's entire blood supply spilled for everyone to see. Woman cry, voices buzz, and flashbulbs pop as the dead SECURITY GUARD is rolled off by PARAMEDICS.

UTAH & PAPPAS

circle past the splash of blood, where POLICE OFFICERS interview a frightened 30ish LADY CUSTOMER, who is rubbing what appears to be a bruised hip.

PAPPAS
Now just shut up, and don't touch anything. Can you remember that, kid?

LADY CUSTOMER
He just kept shooting that poor man. Shooting and shooting and shooting...

POLICE OFFICER
False alarm, Pappas. It ain't marinara sauce after all.

Some chuckles. Utah pulls up and stares uneasily at the blood. Pappas grimaces at the emotional rookie as HARP walks into frame.

HARP
See you met your <u>last</u> new partner.

He tugs at the Greek's ample waistline.

HARP
Still a 46? How are you supposed to pursue a runaway. Roll after 'em?

PAPPAS
(pointing at Utah)
Suppose he's on the career development plan, too? Couple years in the field, take a desk in Washington, then come back and dick the old guys?

HARP
Pappas, the Bureau's gonna miss you.

PAPPAS
Bet your quarterback can pull lots of bricks outta the pool, eh Harp?
(to Utah)
Never cut yourself shaving, kid?

Ignoring Pappas's remark, Utah steps past the blood, to the adjacent conversation he was apparently eavesdropping on - police interviewing the lady who keeps rubbing her sore hip.

UTAH
You're rubbing your hip?

LADY CUSTOMER
Just a bruise. The guy, that robber, he really shoved me. Landed on my hip-

UTAH
Touch you with his hands?

LADY CUSTOMER
I'll say. Grabbed me right around the neck like-

She reaches up to indicate.

UTAH
Don't touch it!
(then calmly)
Don't touch, now. Just try to remember. Was the bandit wearing gloves?

CUT TO:

INT. FORENSIC LAB - DAY

The SAME WOMAN lies flat on her back, partially nude upon a medical table, underneath a shroud of mechanical wizardry.

A bluish laser prowls her neck, exposing faint green fingerprint patterns. Forensics expert HALSEY looks on.

CUT TO:

EXT. DECREPIT HOUSE - DAY

A ratty house in the Hollywood Hills. A beat-up NOVA pulls up, and backs into the driveway. A PALE MAN in steps out. He walks to the front door, knocks, and is quickly allowed inside. As the door closes

UTAH & PAPPAS

swiftly move up to the doorstep, coats open, guns in their holsters. They turn to the street, wave two other AGENTS up around back, and speak in whispers.

PAPPAS
Should've just bought a new girlfriend, instead of coming back for the old one.

Suddenly they hear something. A man & woman both moaning in sexual ecstasy. The agents smirk.

UTAH
Hasn't even been in there 30 seconds?

PAPPAS
Guess that's why he came back.

Utah draws his weapon. Grabs the doorhandle.

PAPPAS
Kid, let 'em finish for Christ's sake.

UTAH
Open up, FBI!

We hear cursing and frantic footsteps. Utah gets that wild look in his eyes. He kicks in the door. Utah spins inside. Pappas throws up his hands, and watches in disbelief.

INT. LIVING ROOM

The dishelved GIRLFRIEND, having been making love on the floor, stares up at Utah, who spots Pale Man fleeing down the hallway. Pulling up his jeans, he overturns a china cabinet, and disappears into the kitchen. Utah leaps the obstacle, racing in pursuit. He charges inside

KITCHEN

Pale Man zooms through, grabs the handle of the "on" dishwasher, pulls it open, and soapy water gushes out. Utah runs in, only to slide across the wet linoleum, crashing hard into the breakfast table.

STAIRWAY

Pale Man hustles up the staircase, reaches the top, turns the corner, and nearly steps on a sleeping BULL TERRIER. Utah starts up after him. We hear a high pitched yelp. Suddenly the furious Terrier is tossed airborne down the stairwell. Utah catches the snarling beast.

EXT. SIDE OF HOUSE

Pale Man opens a window, leaps to a steep slope overgrown with ivy, slides down, and spills onto the

DRIVEWAY

He sprints to his Nova, unlocks the door, and hops in. Inserts the key into the ignition, turns it - and nothing happens. The car is dead. From out of frame, a gun barrel pushes against his temple.

Pappas leans inside the car window. He calmly displays a distributor cap with his free hand.

PAPPAS
Checked under the hood for you.

Utah dumps into frame, having slide down the slope, and landing hard on his butt. Pappas grins.

Having fun, kid?

CUT TO:

EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING - SUNSET

The skyscraper glows from a brilliant sunset.

INT. 17TH FLOOR

Bathed in light, UTAH stands in a trance, staring out at the distant Pacific. PAPPAS walks into frame, leans against the glass, and studies the kid's sappy expression.

UTAH
Love the ocean. There's something almost spiritual-

PAPPAS
Hey kid, you don't chant, or anything like that, do you?

Suddenly Harp walks up. Facing Utah, the perfectly groomed Supervisor ignores Pappas.

HARP
Nice job, Utah. That's quite an auspicious debut. Let's keep it up.

Utah throws a competitive smirk at Pappas, as Harp twists, and cracks his back.

HARP
Ever hear of the Dead Presidents?

UTAH
At Quantico. They've been helping themselves to L.A. banks for years.

HARP
Guess what large person's been handling the case <u>all</u> 37 robberies?

Utah frowns, as Pappas rolls his eyes.

That's right, hot shot. Said you'd have to earn that smirk on your face.

Harp shoots a taunting grin, then walks off. Pappas blows out a breath, and frowns at Utah.

PAPPAS
Ever cross your mind to share the credit, you upwardly-mobile little shit?

UTAH
(grinning)
Totally forgot.

PAPPAS
Remember kid, there're still a few basics they don't teach at Quantico.

Pappas turns and walks off. Utah stands watching, as the Greek suddenly stops, and looks back.

Well, c'mon now.

CUT TO:

EXT. "GREAT GREEK" RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A human string of over fifty dancing CUSTOMERS, arms wrapped around each other's shoulders, all sidestep - three hops and kick left - outside the main entrance, along the front sidewalk, and curl inside the restaurant's side door.

PAPPAS (VO)
Calamari, spanakopita, sarmanthes, souvlaki, moussaka, tabouli, and pastichio pie. Spiro has the pita flown in fresh daily from Chicago.

INT. RESTAURANT

Clear ouzo spills over ice cubes, immediately turning milky white. The camera pulls back to reveal a small table overwhelmed with greek specialties. ANGELO PAPPAS lifts the ouzo to his lips. JOHNNY UTAH sniffs his glass.

(winking to the waiter)
Leave the bottle.
(turns to Utah)
Myths say ouzo came from the breasts of the Goddess Athena. Me, I'd prefer to suckle Athena. But mere mortals, we must make do.

Pappas throws back the ouzo. He acknowledges the gaze of TWO ATTRACTIVE WOMEN sitting nearby, as the human string weaves a path through the tables. Waiters stop to applaud the mandolins.

UTAH
So tell me about the Dead Presidents.

PAPPAS
Later, kid. First you master the three basics - food, drink, and dance.

The fanfare escalates into a frenzy of plate tossing. Customers frisbee the wafer thin plates at the dancer's feet. Ceramic shrapnel flies everywhere.

UTAH
Back in the Big Ten, I thought training table was wild. They always do this?

PAPPAS
You work hard all day, they tax you dry, you're wife makes good love to everyone except you - so you throw some plates.

UTAH
You still married?

Pappas shakes his head no, pours another ouzo, then grins with a twinkle.

PAPPAS
She also had reason to throw plates.

Pappas slams the drink, then throws a devilish wink to the two attractive women. He pulls the cloth napkin from his collar, dabs his mouth, and pushes from the table. Pappas drags Utah to his feet, pulls him across to the women, who are coaxed from the table, and they all start to dance.

The mandolins soften to a "Zorba" beat. The human string dismantles as Pappas steals the show. His moves are slow, graceful, oozing a sensuous male virility - a delicate bobbing of the wrists, subtle rhythm of the hips, and cautious feet of a cat.

Utah makes the best of it, dancing beside Pappas, awkwardly imitating his partner's moves. The beat quickens. Plates start flying.

CUT TO:

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER - NIGHT

The place is deserted, except for two silhouettes. The thin one leans against the railing, as the rounder one delicately tip-toes <u>across it</u> like a tubby ballerina. UTAH & PAPPAS have been drinking all night.

UTAH
Indianapolis finally drafted me ninth round. Fuckin' Colts. No thanks. Maybe if it had been the Raiders.

PAPPAS
You mean you got cut.

UTAH
I was not cut! I was... released.

Utah stares down at the water, oblivious to the tipsy Greek walking the narrow beam. Utah sips from the near-empty fifth of ouzo he dangles over the side.

Anyway, so I bagged the NFL. Did law school. Got bored out of my wits. Then someone suggested this.

Pappas grabs a lightpole fixture, steadies himself, and stares out at the far horizon.

PAPPAS
Bureau's the only thing I ever did. Only thing I could ever stay loyal to. Now they go and decide anyone past 55's gone senile.
(clenches his fist)
God save this New FBI. Mormons, yuppies, and affirmative action are destroying everything Mr. Hoover built!

Pappas glares down at his young partner.

Just look at you, the young buck, everything's new and out there to grab for. Me..., it doesn't matter anymore.

UTAH
Don't you want to nail the Dead Presidents?

PAPPAS
Kid, forget about it. They're ghosts. All anyone can do is wait for a mistake. And they don't make mistakes.

UTAH
Terrific, I'm banished to an impossible case, with a mothball partner who's biggest concern is his next meal.

PAPPAS
Watch your fucking mouth!
(pounds his heart)
Mr. Hoover himself pinned the Seal of Honor right here! Right here!

The two men glare at each other with wild eyes. Utah looks away, and takes a deep breath.

UTAH
Sorry.

Pappas slowly shakes his head.

PAPPAS
Ahh..., maybe you're right.
(a beat)
Sure would be something, huh?

Pappas turns back to the ocean, shuffles away from the lightpole fixture, raises his arms, and balances there like a diver, peering down at the waves.

UTAH
What the hell're you doing?

PAPPAS
Pulling some bricks outta the pool.

The Greek grins at his young partner, then performs a flawless swan dive into the water below.

CUT TO:

INT. SEDAN - DAY

A series of tight shots. A latex mask is pulled over the back of a man's head. A pump shotgun is cocked. Another mask is pulled over a head. White gloves are pulled snug over hands. A silk tie is straightened. Another shotgun is cocked, then hidden underneath a dark suit jacket. A white shirt collar is adjusted. A cloth sack is stuffed inside a suit jacket. Another shotgun. Another mask. The second sweep of a waterproof wristwatch approaches the twelve.

MALE VOICES (VO)
Set watches. In five, four, three, two, and one. Mark. Let's rip.

EXT. BANK OF AMERICA

A SEDAN has parked directly in front of the bank. The door opens, and we glimpse four men wearing dark business suits, gloves, and latex masks - silly caricatures of four American Presidents: JOHN F. KENNEDY, LYNDON BAINES JOHNSON, ABRAHAM LINCOLN, and GEORGE WASHINGTON.

INT. BANK OF AMERICA

Impatient CUSTOMERS wait for the next available TELLER. A plump GUARD stands like a mannequin, as an exiting YOUNG MAN passes by, folding money into wallet, and bumps into the

THREE DEAD PRESIDENTS

who burst in and raise shotguns. They move brutally quick, flinging the YOUNG MAN across the floor. The guard is slammed to the tiles. His pistol is collected.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN
Attention voters! Everybody suck linoleum before we bullet the blue sky!

Everybody drops facefirst where they stood. Satisfied, Abe Lincoln throws a goofy smile at the surveillance camera.

Kennedy & Johnson cover the exits, as Lincoln leaps over the counter. Moving down the line, he quickly empties the teller's cash drawers into his sack.

He stops upon spotting something. Issuing a quick "tisk, tisk" to a teller, he tosses a pack of money across the bank. The "dye pack" explodes into a cloud of blue ink. Burned money rains over the terrified customers.

Finished with the cash drawers, the bandits hustle to the far exit, then pause to salute to the surveillance video. President Johnson drops trousers and moons the camera. *Thank You* is written across his hairy butt.

BLACK & WHITE VIDEO TAPE

A high angle, distorted wide shot. The hairy butt freezes on grainy b&w video tape with time code. The video suddenly goes into high-speed reverse, and the bank robbery sequence rolls backward.

PAPPAS (VO)
Thirty-seven banks in 4 years. In & out in 60 seconds. Nobody ever gets shot. We're talking solid professionals.

UTAH & PAPPAS

sit in a dark room, viewing the video monitor. Utah checks the second sweep of his wristwatch, as the bandits salute the camera, their faces distorted by the wide angle lens.

Strictly teller cash drawers. Floor limits keep the take small, but they never get greedy. Avoid the vaults, where the time factor can burn you.

VIDEO TAPE

The bandits walk backward into the bank.

George Washington waits in a stolen switch car. They getaway, dump the vehicle, and vanish without a trace.

The explosion of blue ink is sucked back into the pack of money, then leaps back into President Lincoln's hand.

PAPPAS
But a few weeks ago we got something. Lincoln scuffed a counter. We got a soil sample. Nonspecific mud, asphalt dust, some sand, and traces of paraffin.

Utah stops the video, now fast forwarding it, stopping where President Lincoln separates the exploding "dye pack" planted with the money, before he tosses it aside.

UTAH
Look at him separate the dye packs. Honest Abe knows his job.

PAPPAS
They're the best I've seen, kid.

CUT TO:

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING HALLWAY - DAY

UTAH follows PAPPAS to an ajar door. We hear heavy breathing. They stalk in

INT. COMPUTER OFFICE

and catch a stop-yer-watch woman named MISS DEER, a purebred American Indian, performing an odd exercise in her private office - reverse triceps dips off her computer desk.

A skirt hiked up her muscled thighs, outstretched legs balancing on black pumps, she faces outward, hands flat on the desk behind her, dropping and lifting her torso.

Utah & Pappas lean back and enjoy the show. She finally looks up, sputters in embarrassment, and stands braced against the desk, skirt still bunched up her thighs.

MISS DEER
Oh, excuse me. Harp's office fitness program. Just, uh, working my triceps.

UTAH
And rear deltoids, trapezius-

PAPPAS
Also works your tits.

She pulls down her skirt.

LATER

A bored Pappas drinks coffee, as Utah leans lecherously close beside Miss Deer who punches in computer commands.

MISS DEER
No prints. They always wear gloves. No secretions, body fluids of any kind. No cigarette butts in switch cars, no sweat stains in dropped masks, no nothing. No fiber samples. Just some hair - got it from a bank guard who grabbed up behind President Kennedy's mask.

Utah stares curiously at Miss Deer, who has begun a weird arcing movement with her shoulders & raised hands.

Oh..., upper back stretches. Relieves shoulder tension.

Miss Deer punches another keyboard command. The glowing screen scrolls down.

J.F.K.'s got black hair. Slight wave. Fairly long. Interesting thing is it's contaminated with toxins - unusual grouping of heavy elements selenium, silver, titanium, and arsenic.

UTAH
Huh... So... the guy works, or lives around some kinda factory?

PAPPAS
Stare at it, learn what you can, let it percolate. We've got until October.

Pappas gulps his java, and stands to leave.

UTAH
October?

PAPPAS
Just a summer job, kid. Presidents only work four months. June to October. Another two months and we won't see 'em again 'til next summer.

Pappas pulls something from his shirt pocket - an Abraham Lincoln Pez dispenser. First taking a candy, he tosses the plastic caricature to Utah.

Eat 'em up, kid.

Pappas exits, as Utah stares at his gift. Miss Deer leans close, burdened with a personal thought.

MISS DEER
Your name... isn't really Johnny Utah?

CUT TO:

INT. VIEWING ROOM - NIGHT

B&W video with time code. The "DEAD PRESIDENTS" barge in, raise shotguns, and order everybody to the floor.

VIDEO
Attention, voters! Everybody suck linoleum before we bullet the blue sky!

Pull back over-the-shoulder to reveal UTAH watching, leaning forward, resting his jaw in both hands. Remains of a cheeseburger lie beside him. He hits the stop button, then fast-forwards to the end.

"DEAD PRESIDENT" JOHNSON turns his back to the fish-eye lens, drops trousers, and moons the camera. *Thank You* is written across his furry butt. Utah freezes on it.

The video enlarger, in a series of clicks, zooms upon the bandit's pale butt - which is pocked with acne and bracketed by deep bronze tan lines.

UTAH
Guy's got quite a suntan.

He turns away, stares at the ceiling, and pushes both hands through his hair. He pulls out his Pez dispenser. Abe Lincoln is empty. Utah growls at the plastic head.

CUT TO:

INT. UTAH'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A holocaust of boxes. Only item unpacked is a macho stereo with gleaming power lights. A hand slides a compact disc into the player. The program button is set to track four. We hear rock-band "U2" begin a burner. Pull to reveal UTAH playing with the cueing. The song stops, then starts further in, now the middle of a raging chorus.

U2
...Bullet the Blue Sky. Bullet the Blue Sky. Bullet the Blue...

CUT TO:

EXT. MALIBU PIER - DAY

A dreamy sun smoulders into the horizon. In the heavy surf below the pier, BODIE, ROACH, NATHANIEL, & DAVY slalom the pylons. They dangerously weave in & out of the supports.

We pull back to reveal UTAH wandering the shore, wearing a different suit. Nearby are two SURFERS, knelt over their boards, rubbing wax & handfuls of sand into the fiberglass. They look up to watch the pier.

LIME WETSUIT
That's some serious shit. The Bodhisattva's a crazed mother.

Utah follows their gaze, and watches the pier. After a moment, he turns back to the surfers, and fixates on them waxing their boards.

CUT TO:

INT. BULLPEN - DAY

UTAH sits solemnly at his desk, as PAPPAS arrives, takes off his jacket, and sits down. Only glances are exchanged as Pappas eagerly displays a tiny bakery box, makes sure the coast is clear, and pulls out a mocha cream puff. He sniffs it and purrs like a cat. Utah slides a small box to him. The label reads *"Mr. Zog's Sex Wax."*

PAPPAS
What the hell is this?

UTAH
Surfboard wax.

PAPPAS
Can't you see I'm feeding.

UTAH
Angelo..., ever consider the Dead Presidents, well, might be surfers.

Pappas calmly opens a desk drawer. With a wonderful flourish, he displays a candle, tin of car wax, shoe polish, and a wax-sealed jar of preserves.

PAPPAS
Computer already spit out 73 applications for carnuba wax.

Pappas tosses back the "Sex Wax."

Go lube yourself.

CUT TO:

EXT. PINK'S - DAY

A slimy open-air joint. UTAH & PAPPAS stand before the counter as a derelict-looking COOK slops chili dogs.

PAPPAS
These dogs, nothing like 'em, got the pop when you bite 'em.
(to the cook)
Keep piling on that chili, babe.

UTAH
Something they said. Bullet the blue sky. Got me thinking. It's a lyric from U2. What kind of bandits go around quoting rock bands?

PAPPAS
Those linebackers must've sacked your ass one time too many.
(to the cook)
Hey pal, you call that extra chili?

CUT TO:

INT. FBI SECURITY LOCK-UP - NIGHT

A typewriter ribbon is plucked from a Selectric, then dumped into a waste basket full of ribbons. Camera pans to an opened security vault, where UTAH & PAPPAS stand at the front of a line of agents holding their desk drawers. Pappas chomps an apple and speaks with his mouth full.

PAPPAS
...so this bandit dressed as a drag queen bumps into the glass on the way out, and we put him away on a lip print.

They hand their drawers to an ATTENDANT, who stacks them inside the vault. Utah appears impatient.

ATTENDENT
Utah, keeping the FBI manual in your desk drawer is against procedure. Unauthorized personnel might see it.

Utah could care less.

UTAH
Would you just think about it? Traces of wax and sand? The tan line on LBJ's butt? Working only the summers?

UTAH
(a beat)
Angelo, these guys rip off banks to finance their endless summer.

CUT TO:

EXT. SURFSHOP/MAIN STREET - DAY

The logo reads *"Seadancer Surfboards."* An FBI sedan pulls up in front. UTAH & PAPPAS step out, the rookie eyeballing the rows of colorful surfboards in the store window.

PAPPAS
No, c'mon, you're not, I mean, you're no kid anymore. This is for little rubber people who can't shave yet.

INT. SURFSHOP

A gangly TEENYBOPPER does yo-yo tricks. Age 15. He wears gamma-ray-green laceless sneakers, plutonium-pink shorts with tiny sharks & iguanas, a neutron-yellow t-shirt, and floppy straw hat with frayed edges. A thin GIRL in a velvet bikini, sips a Cherry Coke, and paints her toes. Age 14.

AGE 15
My dad has like this old, old album. Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band? Totally sucks. Mombo wierdness.

AGE 14
That insect band? They were decent.

Utah & Pappas stroll inside wearing three-piece suits. The kids wrinkle their noses.

AGE 15
You two dudes FBI or somethin'?

The adults glance at each other. Utah loosens his tie. He notices a fabulous poster of World Champion Tommy Curran.

UTAH
I want the board he uses.

AGE 15
That's a 5'6" tri-fin squash-tail thruster. High performance, shit. Where ya surfin', Mister?

UTAH
I've, uh, never surfed before.

AGE 15
Mister, yer phasers are on stun. You'd eat total shit. Need a pig board. Some big stick to learn on.

"RHINO CHASER" SURFBOARD

The yo-yo rolls outward, pointing to the young salesman's suggestion. It's black & white checkered, with pink & lime trim, and the logo *"Dance With The Universe."*

VISA RECEIPT

A loud CRACK as the customer copy is torn away. Board already underneath his arm, Utah grabs the receipt.

AGE 15
Old people learnin' to surf is really cool, Mister. Hope you stay with it. Surfin's the source.

Utah pauses to listen to the teenybopper.

It'll change your life. Swear to God. Like the board says, Mister. It's a dance with the universe.

PAPPAS
Hey, Yo-Yo. Save the pony show for someone who gives a shit.
(to Utah)
You actually expect me buy this surfer crap and spend manhours combing the beach searching for-

A REDHEAD strolls inside, her curves barely contained in a macrame bikini-top and tight "Dolphin" shorts.

Sexwax, huh?

CUT TO:

EXT. SURFRIDER BEACH - DAY

PAPPAS stands in dayglow swim trunks, holding a beachchair, and picnic basket. UTAH carries his new surfboard, as they stroll toward the ocean. The camera moves over a fence of art-deco surfboards sticking up in the sand, allowing us strobe-like glimpses of the partners.

PAPPAS
You're gonna drown. Either that or bust your back. I met this ex-surfer who has to wave hello with his ears.

UTAH
Balance. It's all balance. Besides, I snow ski. We're talking downhill racer.

PAPPAS
Those mountains don't move.

Utah plants his black & white checkered board just beyond the others. Utah grins at Pappas, then playfully pats the silver fur on Greek's belly.

UTAH
Catch a lotta lint?

Pappas cocks his arms, then playfully thrusts his belly into Utah's, bouncing him back a few steps.

PAPPAS
Baklava power.

Utah recovers, grabs his board, and starts for the water. Pappas sits back in a beach chair, pulls on his wayfarers, and starts pawing through his picnic basket.

UTAH

attaches his leash, tromps through whitewater, throws his board out, plops himself down, and paddles. He spears the first wave. The board is swung up and around, dragging him back to shore.

PAPPAS

shakes his head. He spots TWO YOUNG LOVELIES lying out up the beach. One wears a pony tail like a water fountain spurting out the top of her head. The greek lifts his shades, verifies the sighting, then packs up.

UTAH

paddles out again. He strokes one arm at a time, but the board keeps snaking sideways. Utah slips off. A wave hits. He is washed ashore.

PAPPAS

cringes as he walks along. He casually drops his gear just yards away from the young lovelies. They acknowledge his presence with a sour glare. He winks.

UTAH

holds the tip steady, pierces the face of a wave, and squirts out the other side. Another wave rises and Utah glides up over the hump.

He clears the swell and the ocean suddenly smoothes out like a giant lake. Triumphant over having made the lineup, he sits up on his board - and falls over.

PAPPAS

slices a green apple, some feta cheese, and eats off the knife. He uncorks a bottle of retsina and pours a glass. The young lovelies stare. The one with the pony tail squeaks. Pappas smiles. He gestures with the retsina.

UTAH

climbs back on his board. Whistles and hoots sound as SURFERS spot a new swell. Everybody strikes for the horizon, as the ocean rolls up before them. A huge wave hits. Utah furiously paddles up the face, pops over the crest - and finds a second wave bigger than the first.

Up ahead a SURFER swings his board around. Utah freezes. The surfer is now sliding down the face directly at him. At the last second, Utah swings around, but is caught in an explosion of white water. Both surfers topple over the falls and down into the "washing machine." Wipeout.

Utah is held under. He finally surfaces gasping for air, his arms flailing, the surfboard tugging at his ankle. He drapes his torso across the board and pants for breath.

The surfer, already back on his board, paddles over. Utah looks up in apology - as a sucker punch smacks his face.

MACHO SURFER
Do that again, I'll kill your ass!

UTAH
You goddamn sonofa-

Before Utah can finish, another waves engulfs him, and he tumbles into shore.

PAPPAS

has lured the young lovelies to him. They sit laughing, sharing his feta & retsina. Miss Pony Tail playfully rubs his furry stomach and squeaks like a rubber toy.

UTAH

picks himself out of the knee-deep whitewash. His knees wobble. He rubs his jaw. Spits blood.

The surfer has followed him in. Utah squares his shoulders toward the horizon and faces this asshole.

MACHO SURFER
This ain't no bunnyslope! And no pig boardin' wimp's screwin' up our break!

UTAH
Fuck you.

The surfer's eyes travel past Utah, who turns, and finds three huge MUSCLE BOYS standing behind him. Arms crossed, chests pumped, they mean to hurt somebody.

RAZOR-HAIR MUSCLE BOY
Somebody better dial you an ambulance.

Utah chuckles nervously, as he realizes what deep shit he's in. The special agent sidesteps left, but Razor-Hair cuts him off, and shoves him backwards. The other Muscle Boys and Macho Surfer surround Utah, viciously mimicking his laugh, as they move in for the kill.

PAPPAS

staggers into frame, drunk off his butt, dragging along a squeaking Miss Pony Tail.

PAPPAS
You! You're the goddamn sonofabitch who knocked-up my youngest!

Everybody pauses, as Pappas pushes between them, and points an accusing finger <u>at Utah</u>. Pappas winds his other arm like Popeye readying a punch.

Gonna disgrace your face!

Pappas spins, and coldcocks Razor-Hair with a vicious left hook, dropping the 200-plus pounds of chiseled physique like a stone. With a right hook, the 2nd Muscle Boy is left unconscious beside Razor Hair.

Utah finishes the 3rd Muscle Boy with a reverse foot slap, followed by crushing right hook. Macho Surfer charges, but Utah flips him to the sand, and drives an "end of story" powerfist into his face.

Pappas calmly fetches the checkered board, and tosses it into Utah's arms.

PAPPAS
Kid, this ain't your sport.

CUT TO:

EXT. HICKORY BURGER - NIGHT

The 30 foot statue stares out over the virtually deserted Pacific Coast Highway.

INT. UTAH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

UTAH coos in unconscious bliss, spread out like a giant X, untucked sheets tangled around his nude body like veils. Until the alarm fires. Utah stiffens like he just took 20,000 volts. His eyes read panic - where is the alarm?

He rolls up, legs scissor against tangled sheets, and he collapses over empty boxes. He stumbles like a blind man through the mess, until he finds it across the room - a tiny Indianapolis Colts FOOTBALL HELMET with a digital clock for eyes. 5:00 a.m. Sweet silence. He sprawls into a heap.

UTAH
Fuckin' Colts.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

The sunrise glows over waves that crash with majestic fury. UTAH walks into frame wearing a wetsuit, holding his checkered surfboard. He passes a pre-teen SURF BRAT.

SURF BRAT
How's it hangin', mister? Saw ya catch one yesterday. Looked real clean 'till you hit that buoy.

Utah smirks, fastens his leash, then continues on into the icy foam.

CUT TO:

EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING - DAY

Long shot of Utah's greaser TRANS-AM pulling into the parking lot. His surfboard is mounted on the roof rack.

RADIO (VO)
Jed-the-Fish here at KROQ, rock of the 90's. Poorman, zip up that lobotomy scar 'n read the surf report?

EXT. PARKING LOT

Standing outside his parked Trans-Am, UTAH tries to lock his surfboard inside the car. It doesn't fit.

INT. 16TH FLOOR - SPECIAL AGENT ENTRANCE

Dressed in a $500 Brooks Brothers suit, Utah carries his board past surveillance cameras and portraits of Reagan, Hoover, & Webster. Special Agent DOBBS walks by. Eyes the board. Speaks deadpan.

SPECIAL AGENT DOBBS
Like totally rad stick, dude.

INT. BULLPEN

Utah tries to act casual as he carries the board to his desk. Pappas looks up in disbelief.

SEVERAL AGENTS
Cowabunga... hang ten... gnarly, man... rip it up!

PAPPAS
Why're you doing this to me?

They both suddenly spot HARP watching from the door of his office. Utah & Pappas gulp.

INT. HARP'S OFFICE

UTAH & PAPPAS endure HARP'S wrath.

HARP
Special Agent Utah, you're not sweet sixteen, and this is not some job flippin' burgers at the drive-in. Yes, the surfboard bothers me. Yes, your approach to this case bothers me. And yes, you bother me. Anything to say?

UTAH
Caught my first tube this morning.

Unseen by Harp, Pappas waves for Utah to shut-up.

HARP
Don't you push me! You've got California fever. You're just aching for an excuse to hit the beach.

UTAH
Sir, don't you believe in hunches?

HARP
You're too green to have hunches! And I don't want to see that blasted surfboard in here again!

Harp tosses a sheet of paper in front of Utah.

Just got a 211 on Wilshire. Think maybe you can handle working shore duty?

CUT TO:

EXT. WILSHIRE BLVD. - DAY

Three FBI sedans roar single file over Wilshire, magnetic red siren domes placed off-center upon the roofs. This high speed convoy furiously threads through slowing traffic.

INT. LEAD SEDAN

Utah drives, plowing through traffic with a dreamy expression. Horns blaze as they run a red light, and slide through a major intersection. Pappas twitches with concern.

PAPPAS
You even looking at the road?

UTAH
It was like a new world. This womb of silence. The tube curling over me, like a glowing blanket of blue & green-

PAPPAS
Would you just listen to yourself?

EXT. FIRST SECURITY BANK

Ritzy skyscraper bank "crime scene." Police squad cars have parked kitty corner, blocking a lane of traffic. The FBI convoy slices in, and squeals to a stop.

The sidewalk of PEOPLE push to get a look at the emerging Special Agents. We notice a SCRAWNY GUY wearing a Harley-Davidson tank-top, a mural of blue-green <u>tattoos</u> covering his arms & shoulders. Utah does a doubletake.

TATTOO MAN
Man-O-man. Rip it up, G-Man.

INT. FIRST SECURITY BANK

The crime scene is mass confusion. Utah jumps up on a teller counter, stands tall, and bangs two ashtrays together until the chaos stops.

UTAH
I'm Utah, FBI. We're going to start an investigation, so I want some quiet.

Two unimpressed POLICE OFFICERS deadpan a sarcastic clap.

First off, I want anybody who <u>did not</u> witness the robbery to please exit the bank. Second, I want...

Pappas remains smug, perhaps bored. The aging Greek wanders over toward a TERRIFIED WOMAN, hyperventilating as she recounts the incident to police.

UTAH
...All bank employees over here by the "Win a Cadallac" display. Customers by the palm tree. We are going to be taking statements from all of you...

TERRIFIED WOMAN
...He was standing right there, over by that counter, writing out a check, when all of a sudden, he pulled on a mask...

Overhearing her comment, Pappas approaches the "checkwriting island," opens a sidepanel, and removes the trashbin. He obnoxiously dumps the contents on the floor.

He reaches inside his coat, and removes tweezers. Using it as a probe, he sifts through the trash. He finds a crumpled

SLIP OF PAPER

Written in childlike print with numerous crossouts is *I have a xxxxxx gun. If you scream I will xxxxxx kill you.*

Turning over the note, we see it is the personal deposit slip of *Anthony Masterson 3939 S. Western, Apt. 2-B, Los Angeles, CA 90027.*

PAPPAS
Genius practiced on his deposit slip.

The crowd turns from Utah and buzzes around Pappas.

UTAH
...So with your cooperation, we'll have you all on your way as soon as possible.

Pappas whistles at Utah and hustles out the bank. Utah stops midsentence, totally confused.

CUT TO:

EXT. SLEAZY APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

A dark staircase leads straight to the 2nd floor. FOUR SPECIAL AGENTS climb cautiously up to the apartment directly at the top. DOBBS & PICKETT remain on the staircase, flanking UTAH & PAPPAS who stand on each side of the door.

A Frank Sinatra tune ebbs past the door. Pappas nods to Utah. They unbutton their jackets. Handguns gleam in their leather holsters. Pappas knocks firmly.

SINATRA FAN MOTHER (VO)
I got 'nuff goddamned Fuller brushes. Leave me 'n Frankie-baby to ourselves.

PAPPAS
FBI, ma'am. Open up, please.

The door opens as far as the chain allows. A pink-cheeked housewife in a hairnet peers eagerly through the crack. Pappas flashes his star. She beams.

SINATRA FAN MOTHER
What a nice badge. Bet that's solid gold. I've got a gold tooth.

She bares her molars, then closes the door. The chain falls, and she opens it wide exposing a tacky living room with oil portraits of pink poodles.

SINATRA FAN MOTHER
My, such a handsome lot. You know, I just adore Efrem Zimbalist, Jr.

UTAH
Does an Anthony Masterson live-

The wall rushes fullspeed from a bedroom. A QUEEN-SIZED MATTRESS, held from behind like a floppy shield, plows into mom, slamming her forward into the agents.

The mattress crashes past the door jam, toppling everybody down the staircase. They tumble backward like ragdolls, the mattress dumped upon them. They twist, bounce, and slide into a pile on the first floor landing.

They shove aside the mattress, and stumble to their feet. Dobbs & Pickett are badly shaken. The terrified mother clutches to Pappas, and shrieks in pulses.

SINATRA FAN MOTHER
He's justa baby, justa baby, justa baby, justa baby, justa baby...

Pappas flings her aside. Utah muscles past, KO-ing her to the ground. He charges upstairs, sprints the hallway, and turns the corner just as two denim legs are swallowed by a drawer in the hallway wall. The sign reads *"Trash Chute."* Utah lunges, just missing a swallowed ankle.

UTAH
He dived down the trash chute!

PAPPAS

grabs the shrieking mother, clamps a hand over her mouth, and yanks her to attention.

PAPPAS
The garbage. Where's the dumpster! Now, lady!

UTAH

holsters his gun. Makes an expression like "what the fuck am I doing?" and climbs feet first into the trash chute. He scoots his butt over the metal lip and is swallowed whole.

INT. CHUTE - UTAH'S POV

A strobelike blackness as Utah falls straight down, his shoes skidding against the slime covered sheet metal, a hopeless attempt to brake his fall.

INT. GARAGE - TRASH DUMPSTER

Utah dumps feet first into the muck, stumbles sideways, and slams against the steel wall. He peers out.

The tiny garage features <u>double-deck parking</u>. The first automobile parks upon a steel platform, a hydraulic lift hoists it up, allowing the second car to park underneath.

Utah is whalloped by a plastic Safeway shopping bag loaded with garbage. He curses, climbs out of the dumpster, and stumbles forward.

DOUBLE DECK CAR STALLS

The kid has vanished. Utah stalks into the parking maze, his gun drawn, the hydraulic lifts casting treacherous shadows. He drops to a knee, scanning below the autos.

A V-8 engine turns over. Utah tenses. Looks up at a chrome front grill. The RPM whines into the redzone. Exhaust pours down over him. Utah rolls.

A PLYMOUTH BARRACUDA

roars airborne off the car rack directly overhead. The steel underbelly soars outward, suddenly nosing down, and crashing upon it's front grill. The auto pirouettes briefly, then tumbles sideways, finally rolling upsidedown. Glass & anti-freeze spill everywhere.

Utah finds this amusing. He stands, approaches the wreckage, and smirks at the upsidedown ANTHONY MASTERSON.

UTAH
You should of runback kickoffs, man...

The Plymouth door rockets open, jamming Utah's knee. The special agent goes down, grimacing in pain, as the stringy 16-year-old wriggles out.

Utah raises his .357, but Masterson footslaps it away. The kid straddles Utah, aiming a .45 point blank.

MASTERSON
Fuck you, Nazi!

Utah never registers fear. There is no hesitation as he twists sideways, and jams a straight-leg into Masterson's nuts. An explosion booms as the bullet scatters chunks of concrete where Utah's head had been.

Utah pounces, slamming the Masterson's gun against the car wreckage - the .45 bouncing high over the Barracuda.

Masterson tears off the sideview mirror, swinging it upward, taking hair off Utah's skull.

He tosses Utah aside, and scrambles around the wreckage after his .45. Masterson scoops it up, fires a wild shot, and sprints across the garage to a side exit.

Utah digs for his .357, finds it, and is up and running. Masterson hits the exit just as an

ELDERLY MAN

lugging a painting easel, swings the door wide. Masterson is butted with the door edge.

He stutter-steps backward, gains his balance, shoves the elderly man clear, and spins to eyeball Utah - who stands, weapon raised, ten feet away.

UTAH
Drop it! Now!

Masterson is dead meat. His .45 is held an arm's length down by his side. The kid swallows hard, stares at Utah, down at his own weapon, then back at Utah.

Drop it, you sonofabitch!

Masterson's fear soothes into an ugly smile, as he slowly backpeddles, daring the special agent to shoot.

MASTERSON
You would've already pulled the trigger.

Masterson raises his gun.

A shot booms out. Masterson whirls around, mortally wounded, but still raising his gun. Another shot, then another shot, hollow-point bullets ripping into his body, finally dropping him into a lifeless heap.

PAPPAS

steps through the door frame. He holsters his smoking gun. The Greek stares at his victim, then turns to Utah, grabs his young partner, and slams him against the brick wall.

PAPPAS
You pull it, you empty it! Dead punks don't testify. Wounded punks get lawyers, sit in wheelchairs, and lie, and whimper, until some bleeding-heart judge pins your ass to the fucking wall!

Utah goes limp in Pappas's grip. Pappas draws him closer, his breath pushing hot upon Utah's cheek.

Johnny, he was gonna kill you, for Christ's sake! And punks like that, they just keep on killing!

UTAH
It just happened... It's always been lasers and paper targets.

Utah twists toward the teenage corpse.

PAPPAS
Something like this..., I'm sworn to report you.
(a beat)
Just tell me one thing, kid. One thing. This gonna happen again?

DOBBS & PICKETT

burst into the garage, suddenly halting in their tracks, as they stare at the carnage. Pappas ignores the backups, staring hard at Utah, until the rookie shakes his head no. Pappas nods, then squeezes Utah's shoulder.

PAPPAS
Don't let the Bureau down.

CUT TO:

EXT. UTAH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A television/VCR features college football. Hike. The Michigan Wolverine quarterback drops back to pass. Defensive pass rush. Two gorillas in Ohio State Buckeye colors crash the line. The quarterback hangs in the pocket, looking, waiting for his receivers to get clear.

The frame freezes - someone playing with a VCR remote control. The video is advanced slowly, sporadically.

Two Buckeyes, arms high, rocket closer. The quarterback bails out, stutter-steps left, shimmies out-of-the-grip, and scrambles wide. Nowhere to go. Looks deep. Lets it fly.

He's hit, speared backward by a Buckeye charging from out of frame - and sandwiched into the pursuers. Wipeout. They collapse in a tangle of pain. A fourth Buckeye piles on. Penalty flags fly. Late hit.

The quarterback struggles to his feet. Tears off his helmet. It's JOHNNY UTAH. He grabs the Buckeye by the throat and rattles his 273 pounds. More flags fly. Nobody can get Utah off the poor linebacker. The frame freezes. Pull back to reveal

JOHNNY UTAH

collapsed in his easy chair, holding a remote control. His mute expression is scary. He looks down at the holstered .357 MAGNUM resting in his lap, unsnaps the leather strap, draws the weapon, and holds it in his hand. Utah stares at it hard, as if the weapon might hold some sort of answer.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTY LINE BEACH - DAY

Deafening boom as a monster wave crashes below a sky the color of slate. A storm has brought the swell. Glorious waves. 10 to 12 foot faces. Waves the size of houses. The camera pulls back upon the beach, revealing JOHNNY UTAH sitting beside his surfboard, staring at the break.

UTAH

Fuck it.

Utah stands, grabs his board, and heads into the surf.

OCEAN BREAK - LATER

Utah is alone. A horizon of whitecaps churn behind him. He lies upon his board, rising and dropping with the swell, as if riding a giant elevator.

Utah's skill has grown. He spots a wave, a fluid blue house, rising, forever rising. Utah turns, paddles, the house catching him, lifting him high upon its roof.

Utah is committed. He stands as his board slices along the lip. He peers over the falls, down the face - holy shit! - then loses balance, and spirals airborne, falling bullseye into the impact zone, the entire force of the wave crashing upon him, plunging him down into the

UNDERWATER "WASHING MACHINE"

where he spins like a whirling dervish through nature's answer to the Cuisinart, leashed to a slamdancing surfboard, and at the mercy of God.

He is held prisoner to greyish green bubbles, with no idea where the surface is. The longest 15 seconds of his life pass, before he bursts to the

OCEAN SURFACE

gasping for breath. But he surfaced in the impact zone. The set is still coming. As his eyes clear, another wave crashes down, stuffing him back down into the

"WASHING MACHINE"

Utah tumbles helplessly.

OCEAN SURFACE

No sign of life in the white froth. The checkered surfboard suddenly launches high into the sky, spinning like a cruise missile, Utah's leash having snapped.

Five seconds. Ten seconds pass. Utah finally bursts free, sucks in fresh oxygen, and glimpses yet another monster wave breaking immediately over him. Utah reacts, diving forward, underneath the wave.

"WASHING MACHINE"

Utah swims straight down below the turbulence, scrapes coral, then aims out beyond the break. The riptide pulls him along. He swims until the ache in his lungs becomes unbearable, then angles up toward the surface.

OCEAN SURFACE

he pops into daylight - choking, coughing, slapping fatigued arms against the surf, panic registering in his movements. He has cleared the break, but his board is gone. So is his strength. And there is nowhere to rest.

His shoulders slip below the surface. Only his bobbing head is left. Water slaps him. He gags on brine. His rubbery arms grow useless. He is drowning.

A PONYTAIL SURFER

spears through the break, dragging a checkered surfboard. Utah calls out, water filling his mouth, dousing the cry. But no matter. The stranger is coming.

CUT TO:

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - DAY

The highway shoulder is a line of parked cars. UTAH sits on a dirt bluff, chin on his knees, clinging to a towel draped over his shoulders. He burps, salt water spilling from his mouth. A stunning WOMAN, quite muscular, sets her surfboard into a bathtub Porsche, and undoes her ponytail.

PONYTAIL SURFER
Shouldn't been out there in the first place. What were you trying to prove?

Utah is in bad shape, but attempts a slight laugh and some ill-timed macho charm.

UTAH
Just trying to meet you.

She thinks he's a jerk.

UTAH
At least tell me your name? How 'bout some breakfast?

PONYTAIL SURFER
Thanks... is more than enough.

She snags the towel off his back, climbs into her Porsche, and drives away. The camera zooms on her license plate - California 867 CDH.

CUT TO:

INT. MISS DEER'S OFFICE - DAY

Green glow washes UTAH's face as he watches MISS DEER enter the key strokes - 867 CDH - into her computer. The screen freezes and the hard disk churns. Miss Deer does a funny hand movement, spreading her fingers wide apart, then tightening to a fist. Utah makes a face.

MISS DEER
Finger fans. Relieves hand and finger tension.

Utah nods as the DMV rap sheet scrolls down the screen.

Here it comes. Okay... Tyler Ann Endicott. Blonde. Green eyes. Born in '63. 5'6" 119 lbs. Hmm, nice figure.

UTAH
Tyler? Daddy must have wanted a boy.

The rap sheet scrolls & scrolls & scrolls. There is something frightening about the length of this file.

MISS DEER
Got a wild child. Exhibition of speed. Indecent exposure inside moving vehicle.

UTAH
Hot, very hot.

MISS DEER
Resisting arrest. Attempting to evade police pursuit. Breaking through police barricade. Never went to trial? Huh? Must come from money.

UTAH
Could be true love.

MISS DEER
No other felony arrests. Oh, wait. Oh my God! Kidnapping? Accused of tying somebody up. Nude. Left the scene and failed to return for 48 hours?
(frowns)
Guy probably deserved it.

UTAH
Gotta avoid the rope tricks.

More data scrolls forth. The amount is staggering. Utah is stunned. The computer flashes *"See Adjoining Files."*

Jesus, what else they got on her?

MISS DEER
Looks like an IRS financial rundown, travel activity, family stuff-

UTAH
We've got this much on every blonde driving a Porsche?

Clearly disturbed, he rubs his face, takes a breath, regains his train of thought, and speaks as if exhausted.

Listen, I just need something, you know, to meet her. Attract her. She's my backstage pass into surfing.

MISS DEER
Men.

UTAH
This is strictly business.

Miss Deer rolls her eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. SPECIAL AGENT'S BULLPEN - DAY

DOBBS & PICKETT escort a handcuffed BANDIT through the bullpen, past UTAH & PAPPAS, who stare curiously. A greasy cream is smeared over the bandit's face. Pappas curiously dabs a finger along his cheek.

PAPPAS
What's with the Vaseline facial?

DOBBS
Meet the Crisco Kid.

CRISCO KID
Guy in the joint said this mercury ointment would make invisible to the camera.

PICKETT
This guy's a shoe-in for the Ten Most Stupid List.

Pappas lays a fatherly hand on the bandit's shoulder.

PAPPAS
Son, maybe this is all for the best. You're too dumb for the streets.

Now laughing, the escorting special agents yank Crisco Kid away, just as MISS DEER walks into frame, and thrusts a sheet of paper before a smiling Utah.

MISS DEER
She uses a platinum card. Figures. Pulled her statements, checked the store receipts-

UTAH
Conroy Florists - dozen black iris. Malibu Liquor - Hine VSOP Cognac. Le Mousse Bakery - three chocolate chip cheesecakes. Three?

He looks up, smiles, then reads faster.

Crown Books - Dostoevsky's "Notes From Underground." Tower records - Balinese Harp music. Balinese Harp harp music?

PAPPAS
First it's this surfing shit, now you're out trying to pork some debutante? Glad to see you enjoying your work, kid.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTY LINE BEACH - DAY

Same break where he nearly drowned. UTAH sits in a beach chair strategically located by the steps to the parking lot. The Dodgers play over his ghetto blaster as he reads the sports page. Utah glances down the beach.

TYLER

and some SURFERS carry their boards out of the water.

UTAH

scrambles to bury the sports page under his towel. He snaps off the ballgame, pulls Dostoevsky's *"Notes From Underground"* from his pack, and pretends to read. Tyler struts past, and completely ignores him.

UTAH
Hey! Hey, there. How ya doing?

TYLER
Oh..., it's Flipper.

He awkwardly flashes the book cover, as she checks him out. Tyler smirks, then starts up the stairs. Utah hits the play button. Cranks the volume of his ghetto blaster. Wierd music. Sounds like harps. Tyler stops dead in her tracks. She turns around. Utah pretends to read.

TYLER
You been to Bali?

Utah pauses a beat, as if he didn't hear, then looks up.

UTAH
Oh, Bali? No, no, unfortunately. Just a big harp fan. Very soothing. Nobody plucks it better than the Balinese.

TYLER
I just finished that book.

UTAH
Serious? I'm very big on Dostoevsky. His whole philosophy of tragedy. It's a real page-turner.

She crooks her neck, and walks closer.

C'mon, sit down. How 'bout some cheesecake? Got it here somewhere...

He digs into his pack and finds a tupperware container. He pops the lid and displays the creamy dessert.

TYLER
Chocolate Chip?

She throws a suspicious glance.

Just who are you?

UTAH
Johnny Utah.

He extends his hand and smiles. She slowly shakes it.

TYLER
Carla Colorado.

She turns, and starts up the stairs.

UTAH
Hey, how 'bout the cheesecake?

Tyler looks back. Shakes her head.

TYLER
You know, I bought that Balinese music for my cousin.

UTAH
Really?

TYLER
Yeah. He's a real loser.

CUT TO:

EXT. CANYON ROAD CUL-DE-SAC - NIGHT

Impressive view of Hollywood. An airshow of swirling red & blue squad-car lights illuminate a flock of INVESTIGATORS milling about a SEDAN ditched in the vista turnaround of a Hollywood Hills community.

INT. SEDAN FRONT SEAT

A flashlight beam prowls the interior, stopping on a small printed card, folded like a pup tent, left upon the bench seat. It reads "Sanitized For Your Protection."

PAPPAS (VO)
Just like the other 38 times.

UTAH & PAPPAS

pull their heads out of the sedan. Forensic expert, HALSEY, stands behind them.

HALSEY
The switch-car was stolen this morning. They vacuumed, 409ed the interior, did the windows, even emptied the ashtrays.

UTAH
Could've taken their gloves off before setting that card. Laser it for prints. Maybe held it in his teeth - check the edges for saliva.
(a beat)
Today was a scorcher. This Chevy doesn't have air conditioning.

HALSEY
Sweat secretions in the seatbacks?

PAPPAS
You through, Mr. Wizard? Let me know if you find a surfboard under the seat.

A SEDAN roars up, halts, and out steps HARP.

UTAH
Look sharp, bandits at twelve o'clock.

Harp is on them like a wolf.

HARP
They're still on the streets, Hot Shot. You'd better lather-up the Coppertone, grab your stick, and hit Malibu.

PAPPAS
Harp, give the kid a break-

HARP
<u>Supervising Special Agent</u> Harp.

Harp zeros in on Pappas.

Where's the 30-plus years of street smarts, Pappas? He's making a fool of you. Thought you wanted to go out with some dignity.

PAPPAS
Dignity? You talk of dignity? I got <u>my</u> dignity here!

He pounds his fist against his heart.

You get yours in a tanning booth!

Harp freezes in anger, then storms off into the blinding red & blue lights. Pappas turns toward Utah, his anger breaking into a devilish sneer.

We gotta put it in his face, kid.

CUT TO:

EXT. TYLER'S PLACE - DAY

Sitting on the doorstep of this cozy mountainside cottage, UTAH stares at the sky, and holds a bouquet of BLACK IRIS. Suddenly a BATHTUB PORSCHE drives up. Wet from the surf, TYLER steps out, and spots Utah. He rises. Offers the flowers. She approaches wearing an intimidating stare.

UTAH
Just looked up Carla Colorado in the phone book.

She takes the iris, sniffs, and smiles.

You had lunch?

CUT TO:

INT. NEPTUNE'S NET

Tubs of fresh shellfish, billows of steam, and no attempt to decorate. A TEENAGER in a filthy apron hands both UTAH and TYLER a paper plate stacked with lobster and prawns.

TYLER
How come you've got so much free time if you're such a honcho attorney?

UTAH
Well, you know, trying to take life easier these days.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEPTUNE NET SUNDECK

A grey shack on the inland side of P.C.H. Nothing else around except parked cars, surfers, and great waves. Sitting at a weathered picnic table with a pile of lobster & prawn remains, Utah & Tyler watch the ocean.

UTAH
Was even hoping you'd teach me to surf.

She is slow to react.

TYLER
Never know when the swell's gonna hit. Better give me your work number.

Utah finds a pen in his pocket, takes her hand, and writes a number on her palm.

CUT TO:

INT. SPECIAL AGENTS BULLPEN - DAY

Crowded atmosphere. UTAH & PAPPAS sit at their desks, unaware as a handful of SPECIAL AGENTS sneak up from behind. They erupt into a rousing chorus of a "Beach Boys" classic, hands in the air, pretending to balance on surfboards.

SPECIAL AGENTS
(singing)
...catch a wave and you're sitting on top of the world...

DOBBS
Angelo, catch any knarly tubers? How do ya know you're hanging ten when you can't see your toes?

The pranksters break into laughter. Utah & Pappas scowl.

PAPPAS
Shit, if Hoover were around, he'd can half you morons. Can't fire nobody no more! Gotta weed 'em out with tape measures and birthday candles!

The desk phone rings. Utah & Pappas glance at the line-light on their phone. Utah holds up his hand to quiet everybody, as Pappas answers in an unusually polite voice.

Pappas, Webster, & Associates.
(he listens)
Certainly Miss Endicott, I'll transfer you to his office.

Pappas hits the hold button and rolls his eyes at UTAH.

Surf's up, kid.

The special agents are doubled over with laughter.

CUT TO:

EXT. ZUMA BEACH - DAY

Carrying surfboards, UTAH & TYLER walk to the ocean. Suddenly Tyler stops, indicating the surfing lesson will take place on shore. Utah is confused.

His board now on wet sand, she makes him lie on it, then "pop" to his feet. Again and again. Utah pops, pretends to fall into her arms, only she sidesteps, and he falls on his face. A crowd gathers to watch. Utah fights humiliation.

EXT. VENDOR'S SUNGLASSES DISPLAY - DAY

Racks of bizarre sunglasses. TYLER leads UTAH past, deciding on a pair of "Wayfarers." She plucks his old aviator sunglasses from his face and tosses them.

INT. UTAH'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Snip, snip, snip. TYLER gives UTAH a "surfer" haircut. Bangs, shaved sides, and ducktail back.

INT. FIREBIRD TRANS-AM - DAY

Wearing his new sunglasses, UTAH drives TYLER down an urban street. They pass "Quick Al's" Used Cars. Utah notices a '59 CHEVY NOMAD displayed in the lot.

EXT. "QUICK AL'S" USED CARS - DAY

UTAH flips the keys to the TRANS-AM over to a SALESMEN, who waves goodbye as he & TYLER drive off in the NOMAD.

EXT. MALIBU DIRT ROAD - DAY

The CHEVY NOMAD, surfboards mounted on the rack, idles on a dirt road leading into a remote beachfront property. UTAH sits eating grapes, as TYLER unlocks a gate and swings it wide. Utah pelts her with a seedless. She opens her mouth as a target. A grape bounces off her forehead.

EXT. REMOTE BEACH

Surfboards balanced underneath their arms, UTAH & TYLER stand upon the precipice of a jagged cliff, and stare down at the private cove. Decent swell. Nobody else in sight.

TYLER
—I come here whenever I want to be alone.

EXT. OCEAN BREAK

Sunshine falls like warm honey over the ocean. Water evaporates upward in a dreamy mist. UTAH & TYLER straddle their boards outside the break of this deserted shore.

All is calm. Except Utah's eyes as they explore Tyler. Water beads upon the oil rubbed deep into her dark skin, dripping down her body muscled body like diamonds.

Tyler encourages his desire. She combs a hand back through her wet hair, arcing backwards, her breasts pushing against the taut yellow lycra of her swimsuit.

Utah glides closer. He holds his board alongside hers. Tyler slides her palm over his shoulder and down across his powerful chest.

Her lips part slightly. He kisses them, tastes her mouth, holds her cheek in his palm, the palm descending slowly over her breasts, underneath them, down across her flat stomach.

She unfastens her leash, then his leash, and ties them together. Then beckons Utah to straddle her board. His floats clear. They sit face to face. Mouth to mouth. He nudges her torso backward, lowering her flat upon her board.

His fingers tease her nipples. His hands lift her legs up over his. There is no resistance. Only passion. He gently tugs at the yellow lycra between her legs. Tyler moans, her buttocks squeezing slowly, as she beckons him inside her.

Suddenly she changes her mind, rolls sideways, and flips them both into the water.

CUT TO:

INT.'CHEVY NOMAD - DAY

Desolate stretch of Malibu coastline. UTAH & TYLER drive down PCH, surfboards sticking out the back. He smiles at her. She smiles at him. The highway swoops past a lovely beach. Utah gazes at the surf. Riderless waves curl neatly to the south. A handful of surfers stare from the shore.

UTAH
Nice break. How come nobody's out?

Tyler looks back.

TYLER
Ahh, they're always closing parts of Malibu. The beaches get totally messed up with pollution.

Utah becomes lost in thought. He stares blankly at the SEDAN up ahead of him. Out of nowhere, a

'62 IMPALA WAGON

suddenly scratches off a dirt road, swerves onto the highway, and bounces broadside into the sedan - which careens into the opposite lane, narrowly misses an oncoming vehicle, and plows into the far dirt shoulder.

Utah hits the brakes, powerslides left, just barely keeping control, and pulls over the Nomad. He pounds the horn. The Impala zooms down the highway, and pulls out of sight. Utah looks, verifying that the driver of the sedan is alright, then glares at the Tyler.

UTAH
You get the license number?

She shakes her head. Utah grinds the gearshift, punches it, and accelerates in pursuit. Gravel sprays from the tires.

TYLER
What're you doing!

Utah's eyes burn, as he challenges the road, maneuvering around slow moving cars, racing after the Impala. The speedometer climbs. The tachometer roars.

Slowed by two parallel cars blocking both lanes, Utah swerves into the oncoming direction, racing to pass the cars, before crashing head-on into a bus. Horns blaze as he swoops back into the lane.

Tyler stares in disbelief. Utah focuses up the highway, zeroing in on the Impala quickly coming into view. The Nomad pulls closer. But Utah can't make out the license plate. He pulls closer.

UTAH
Can't... Can't read it...

The cars roar around a curve. Utah pulls closer. Suddenly Topanga Canyon looms ahead, where the mountain road hits the coast. The stoplight is yellow. Two lanes of VEHICLES are waiting to turn on & off the highway.

Utah desperately focuses upon the license plate, as the Impala rockets toward the intersection. The stoplight turns red. The Impala charges through the light.

Utah barrels into the intersection, shoots the narrow gap between the accelerating lanes of cars, and roars down the highway, as angry horns blaze in the background.

The Nomad pours on the speed. It finally pulls in behind the Impala. Utah makes the license, then eases off the accelerator. He grins at Tyler with macho pride.

UTAH
California license 1HOT898

TYLER
Would you please pull over?

Utah doesn't understand.

TYLER
Just pull over, please.

Utah stops along the dirt shoulder, where a few CARS are parked, checking out the surf. Tyler steps out, slides her board out from the back, and lifts it underneath her arm.

TYLER
You're an asshole. Got a deathwish, fine. Just don't include me!

UTAH
But you saw that guy... We had to... Aw, c'mon... Tyler...

She struts off. Utah watches in exasperation, as she walks only a few steps, and drops her board into the backseat of a vintage CONVERTIBLE occupied by two surprised 17-YEAR-OLDS.

TYLER
Your lucky day, boys.

The shirtless guys are speechless. Tyler opens the passenger door and slides her butt on the guy's lap. Utah watches dumbfounded, as the convertible scratches off the dirt shoulder, and peels onto the highway.

CUT TO:

EXT. PAPPAS'S HOUSE - DAY

Modest home in Echo Park. UTAH pulls into frame, parks his NOMAD, and hops out wearing flip-flops, "Hot Tuna" boardshorts with wierd creatures swimming along the hemline, and a shirt that doesn't match.

INT. KITCHEN

Greek music serenades strong HANDS slicing an italian sausage with the agility of a chef. An onion is sectioned & chopped. We pull back to reveal PAPPAS, who turns to Utah.

PAPPAS
So how's your debutante?

Utah frowns. Pappas pours his guest a glass of ouzo, refills his own, slugs it down, and shakes his head.

Sharks & purple iguanas swimming across your shorts? I'm not surprised, kid.

UTAH
Remember that hair sample? You know, the coastline's a smorgasbord of toxic dumps. And surfers are territorial. Always surf the same spot.

PAPPAS
This isn't another book report, is it?

Rattling a cast-iron skillet over high flame, he dumps in chicken, veal, sausage, onion, mushroom, and green pepper.

UTAH
If we collected a hair sample from each beach, we just might get a match.

PAPPAS
Don't start with me, kid.

He adds olive oil, lemon juice, salt, pepper, oregano, a scoop of butter, another scoop, and still another scoop.

UTAH
But Angelo, we'd know which break the Dead President's surf.

CUT TO:

EXT. LATIGO BEACH - DAY

A Department of Health sign is posted. *"Beach Temporarily Closed."* Beyond it crashes a wasted northwest swell.

Two frustrated teenage SURFERS sit nearby. One sad face brightens into an idea. He pulls a joint from his "Psycho Stick" t-shirt. Lying beside their boards, they bury their heads underneath a towel. Marijuana smoke seeps upward.

A WINGTIP dress shoe enters frame and taps their bare feet. Angry heads poke up from beneath the towel, nostrils & mouths billowing smoke. We pull back to reveal PAPPAS standing in his suit.

PAPPAS
You boys surf here often?

"PASSION FOR SLASHIN" T-SHIRT
Fucking narco entrapment or what, dude?

PAPPAS
Thought you were kissing.

"PSYCHO STICK" T-SHIRT
I ain't no butt-bouncer. We're from the Valley. Mall babes 'n shit.

The kids proudly high-five.

PAPPAS
Just want to know if you've been regulars here this summer.

"PASSION FOR SLASHIN" T-SHIRT
Shit yeah, like totally everyday when it's jammin'.

Pappas flashes his FBI star.

PAPPAS
Alright dudes, FBI.

He whips out a pair of scissors.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTY LINE BEACH - DAY

The camera pans along a row of SURFMOBILES parked along a cliff, headlights facing the ocean, doors open, stereos blasting, with hoards of TEENAGERS sitting on the hoods.

A surfed-out UTAH wanders into frame, his eyes suddenly registering alarm, as he focuses upon the head of a SURF-RAT waxing his board.

UTAH
Whoa brah, easy now... Don't move!

Utah bends close, extending his hand to Surf-Rat's ear.

Got some huge sucker crawling into your-

He plucks at a tuft of hair.

Got it! Uuuughhh.

SURF RAT
Leave some fuckin' hair, dude!

Utah squashes, then inspects the mysterious creepy-crawler hidden in his palm. He wipes his hand on a handkerchief, and stuffs the linen into his pocket.

What was that?

UTAH
Saved your butt, brah.

Utah shivers in disgust, then coyly turns, and walks away. The surf-rat desperately pats his ear for traces.

CUT TO:

EXT. SURFRIDER BEACH - DAY

Long lens view of LUSCIOUS OILED BODIES tanning in the sun. PAPPAS walks through frame, his back to us, and stops above a SURF-RAT sunning upon his board. Unable to see or hear what Pappas is doing, we see surf-rat suddenly sit up, and gawk at the scissors held at Pappas's side.

CUT TO:

INT. FORENSICS LAB - NIGHT

A long series of ENVELOPES are displayed on a desk. Each has the name of a Southern California beach, and is attached to a forensic printout. HALSEY inspects each envelope.

HALSEY
The radioactive decay readout indicates... naw, this isn't it.

Utah points to an envelope with a skinny woven ponytail sticking out. PAPPAS shrugs.

PAPPAS
He moved.

Halsey picks up an envelope marked *"Latigo Beach."*

HALSEY
Selenuim, titanium, silver, traces of arsenic. Looks like a match.

UTAH
Latigo Beach. Pappas, the Dead Presidents surf Latigo.

Pappas grabs the envelope, studies it, and crooks his head.

CUT TO:

EXT. LATIGO BEACH - DAY

A dark, wet, miserable day. Beyond a sign reading *Latigo Beach*, the huge storm swell crashes with majestic fury.

PARKING LOT

A mystic image of surfmobiles parked along the cliff's edge, headlights on, illuminating the ocean surf. Dressed in rain slickers, a crowd with expressions of Zulu warriors - some inside, some sitting on hoods - watch BODIE surf.

There is a spooky, threatening air, as suddenly the cars begin to honk. First only a few, eventually all joining in, they sound a pulsating serenade to the lone surfer.

UTAH & PAPPAS

walk cautiously along the row of cars, through the bright headlights, staring at the surf. Outsiders do not seem welcome. A RASTAFARIAN SURFER, shouts at the maniac surfer.

RASTAFARIAN SURFER
Rip it up, Bodie!

UTAH
Who's that?

The rastafarian coldly looks over Pappas.

RASTAFARIAN SURFER
The Bodhisattva. The modern savage. He's a true searcher, mon.

UTAH
Searching for what?

RASTAFARIAN SURFER
The ride, mon. The ultimate ride.

Pappas whispers to Utah.

PAPPAS
Don't tell me this guy doesn't chant.

Suddenly the crowd seems to all stare at Utah & Pappas with penetrating mistrust. Pappas breathes heavy.

UTAH
C'mon dad, let's get you home.

Utah nudges Pappas off, and they slip through the lineup of surfmobiles, beyond the watching eyes, to the waiting Nomad, where Utah whispers to a Pappas.

UTAH
Don't tell me these guys couldn't rob banks.

CUT TO:

EXT. TYLER'S DOORSTEP - NIGHT

We see UTAH's back, as he rings the doorbell. The door opens, revealing TYLER's unsmiling face. A reverse angle reveals a handmade sign hung around Utah's neck reading *"Asshole."* He smiles sheepishly, and displays a fifth of Hine VSOP Cognac.

She slams the door in his face. Argument is pointless. He blows out a breath, shuffles his feet, then sits on the doorstep. He opens the cognac. Takes a swig.

INT. TYLER'S BEDROOM - LATER

Lights out. Tyler lies on her bed, too hot for sheets, wearing something silk. She tosses, then sits up. Looking out her bedroom window, she sees Utah's Nomad still parked by the curb.

EXT. TYLER'S DOORSTEP

Fast asleep, UTAH is sprawled belly-up on the steps. Tyler opens the door. Walks outside. Studies him. Then kicks him with all her might. He wakes with a scream. Clutching his ribs, he sits up, and glares at her. Satisfied, she struts inside, and slams the door.

EXT. TYLER'S DOORSTEP - DAWN

Snoring softly, a cold Utah lies huddled against the door. The door opens. Wearing her bathrobe, Tyler shakes her head. As Utah stirs, she sets a cup of coffee before him. Leaving the door ajar, she disappears.

INT. TYLER'S HOME OFFICE

Steaming coffee, *Wall Street Journal* financial page, and a computer screen flashing stock market trends. TYLER sits at her desk, buying & selling into the telephone.

TYLER
Alright, good. Now 500 shares of the AmFac. It's down to 16 and a quarter. Put a note on it, and call me back.

She hangs up, and finds a sleepy UTAH watching in silence, surprised at her financial wizardry.

UTAH
It's not even six a.m.

TYLER
Richer than I was at five a.m.
(she chuckles)
You're a persistent sonofabitch.

UTAH
Found this break I'd love to surf.

CUT TO:

EXT. LATIGO BEACH - DAY

Terrible surf. Camera pulls back to the wet sand. Our vision is blinded by the sun as a lean SILHOUETTE holds a football, pumps his arm, and looks deep.

SILHOUETTE
Take it long, Roach. Keep goin'.

The muscular ROACH sprints along the wet sand. The silhouette throws a tremendous pass, soaring perfectly into Roach's hands, who performs a zany "endzone dance."

UTAH & TYLER

carry their boards along the beach, just yards away from two teams of four SURFERS playing touch football.

TYLER
Total mush, blown-out swell.

UTAH
Nice arm.

TYLER
Yeah, well. Seems the Bodhisattva can do just about anything.

Utah gazes down the beach at the quarterback. Almost 30-years-old, his body lean & hard, BODIE's face has a hardness accented by long, slightly receding hair.

UTAH
The Bodhisattva?

TYLER
The guy's even crazier than you.

Suddenly a football whistles through the air.

BODIE
Hey Tyler!

Still holding his board, Utah makes a one-handed/chest catch. He stares down the beach at Bodie.

MONTAGE BEGINS

A FOOTBALL spins on a fingertip. We pull back to reveal UTAH showing some razzle-dazzle. He drops it on his foot, kicks it up into his hands, and issues a toothy grin.

Now teams of five, BODIE, ROACH, & TYLER jostle about on defense, waiting for the play. Utah stands behind center, waiting for DAVY & NATHANIEL to calm down.

Roach & Davy, facing each other across the line of scrimmage, do a ceremonial headbutt, crashing foreheads together, then stumbling backward with a giddy euphoria.

Hike. Utah throws a bomb. Spirals so far over their heads, that Davy, and defender Roach, stop to appreciate it. Utah shrugs. Bodie stares at him curiously.

Utah tosses a flurry of mindboggling passes. Every one picture perfect. Nathaniel scrambles z-out left, turns, and the ball is practically waiting for him. Touchdowns galore. Endzone dancing. Bodie keeps staring at Utah.

Tyler rushes. Utah enjoys scrambling, ducking left & right, twisting her into a pretzel. Play after play. Utah tosses another touchdown, but Tyler keeps coming away, playfully sacking him, and straddling him victoriously.

Bodie quarterbacks. Utah rushes and sacks Bodie. The two momentarily look deep into each others's eye. Bodie flashes his million dollar smile.

THE MONTAGE ENDS

as Utah stands behind center. Hike. Roach ignores his assigned receiver, spins around, drops his trunks, and moons Utah. Everybody laughs. Except Utah - who freezes. He fixates on the <u>acne</u> on Roach's butt. Tyler brutally sacks Utah, and they collapse into the sand.

TYLER
Whoa, sorry. Thought you saw me coming. You okay?

Lost in thought, Utah nods, staring at Roach, who laughs like an oversized Pee Wee Herman. Bodie walks up.

BODIE
Johnny Utah. Michigan Wolverines. All-conference. Went to the Rose Bowl.

Bodie extends a hand. Utah stares up, his mind clicking, slowly accepts the grip, and is pulled to his feet.

ROACH
This brah's all-conference? Fuckin'-A. Head butt, dude!

Utah gestures "please no."

BODIE
Took me in while, but I knew I'd seen you. Whadaya doin' these days?

TYLER
He's a lawyer.

Bodie nods.

UTAH
How about you, Bodie?

BODIE
I surf. The rest is... details.

CUT TO:

INT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - DAY

Cars are stopped. The coast highway leading into Malibu is a glorious traffic jam. Horns blaze, drivers curse from windows, and cars battle for every inch of progress.

INT. CHEVY NOMAD

Beads of sweat on their foreheads, UTAH & PAPPAS have their ties & collars loosened.

UTAH
I'm telling you. It fits. That's why they don't take much. Just enough to support some endless summer.

A car tries squeezing in front of them. Utah angrily accelerates, bullying the vehicle back.

PAPPAS
We need probable cause, kid. I can buy the surfer thing, even the beach, but not zits on some guy's ass!

The car behind taps their rear bumper. Utah whips his head around, then turns to Pappas in silent frustration.

CUT TO:

EXT. INN OF THE SEVENTH RAY - NIGHT

Lovely restaurant up Topanga Canyon. UTAH, TYLER, BODIE, ROACH, NATHANIEL, & DAVY sit at an outdoor table, positioned beside a raging firepit.

DAVY
Shit yeah, dudes. Way I figure it, ya surf, ya eat, and the rest of the time you're either asleep or hungry.

ROACH
Surfing is like... cheap sex with mother nature.

He cackles that absurd Pee-Wee Herman laugh.

NATHANIEL
Football, baseball, basketball. Manmade games. But surfing occurs in nature. No court, no rules, no opponent. Wave's your partner. You're trying to achieve a perfect harmony. Like with God.

BODIE
Surfing's a dance with the universe, brah. Either an innocent flirtation with small waves, or a life & death confrontation with the monsters.

UTAH
The monsters? So what's the worst? I mean, your worst wipeout?

Bodie's stretches back, his voice grows chilling.

BODIE
Bells Beach, Australia. This planet's ultimate surf. Makes Waimea Bay look like a wading pool.

DAVY
Shit yeah, I 'member that day. Gnarly fuckin' ass. Was your birthday, dude.

ROACH
Yeah, the set was northwest, jacking up mean 'n nasty.

BODIE
I made that one mistake you always pray you'll never make. Up & over the falls at take off.

NATHANIEL
Seemed like he fell forever. Then the curl crashed down and he was gone.

DAVY
Drilled 'm to the coral, and held 'm in the washin' machine. Must've been spin-cycled for three tubers.

NATHANIEL
People say to relax, go with it. But you gotta fight, find which way is up - where it's bright & green, not black - otherwise it holds you down forever.

BODIE
Dots were flashing in my eyes. First time I ever thought about dying. Then I saw this light.

NATHANIEL
But he surfaced in the impact zone. Next wave hammered him back to the coral. Finally cleared the break, but the rip caught him. No board. No place to rest. Our Bodhisattva was drowning.

ROACH
Thank your butt I got there.

They slap a warm, brotherly handshake. Utah appears mesmerized by the tale. Tyler looks concerned.

BODIE
Not tragic to die doing what you love. You want the ultimate thrill, you gotta be willing to pay the ultimate price.

ROACH
Hell, I ain't gonna see 30. I'll get it one way or another.

Bodie's eyes swivel. He ponders something.

BODIE
Feel it?

Roach, Nathaniel, & Davy appear to know what Bodie is refering to. Bodie reads the bill, displays a wad of $20 dollar bills, counts off ten, and throws them down.

They're here.

And suddenly the surfers are up and walking away. Utah is confused, as Tyler pushes him up out of the booth.

CUT TO:

EXT. LATIGO BEACH - NIGHT

A chorus of wild hoots. A huge swell has arrived. UTAH, TYLER, BODIE, ROACH, NATHANIEL, & DAY stand on the beach. Already in his wetsuit, Bodie grabs his board, and heads into the moonlit surf.

ROACH/DAVY
Crackin' bowls! Comin' in big 'n mean. Head butt, dude!

They butt heads.

UTAH
How could he have known?

NATHANIEL
The Bodhisattva knows all.

Utah watches the others put on their wetsuits, fasten their leashes, and head into the waves. He sits next to Tyler.

UTAH
How long you known these guys?

TYLER
Nathanial since highschool. Always been like an older brother to me.

Utah gazes off toward the surf, as the gang-of-four take the same wave together.

MISS DEER (VO)
No criminal records to speak of. Just reckless things. Drunk driving. Indecent exposure.

CUT TO:

INT. COMPUTER OFFICE - DAY

The computer's green glow. MISS DEER, her raised arms rotating in small circles, speaks to UTAH & PAPPAS.

MISS DEER
That guy, the one nicknamed Bodie, he's been cited for attempted suicide. But not really, I mean, apparently he went sky-diving without a parachute.

She shrugs to Utah's reaction.

MISS DEER
Doesn't explain here. He obviously survived. Not much else. Can't even find credit cards for any of them.

UTAH
They pay everything in cash?

MISS DEER
Well, they buy lots of plane tickets. Last October, France. November, West Africa. December, Australia... Then Tahiti, Hawaii, back here in May.

UTAH
All surfing spots. These guys follow the big waves, then come back every summer to refinance.

PAPPAS
This doesn't mean they're robbing banks. Kid, we got nothing.

Pappas gets up. Utah pulls out his Abraham Lincoln Pez dispenser, stares at it, then has a candy.

CUT TO:

EXT. "XANADU" - DAY

A courtyard adjacent to a lovely house overlooking the Pacific. Blaring music mixes with the crashing surf. We find a mixed bag of guests - young, old, well-dressed, terribly dressed.

TYLER (VO)
Bodie calls it Xanadu. The guys have shared it for years.

We find TYLER leading UTAH through the courtyard in the general direction of people preparing a barbecue.

TYLER
Always been sort of a half-way house for surf spartans. Most of 'em are total addicts. Can't keep regular jobs. When the swell comes, they have to ride.

Tyler leads Utah over to NATHANIAL, who wears a tiny crucifix around his neck, as he stands at an outdoor sink cleaning a fresh seabass. Bystanders cringe at the gore. Nathanial does a Dr. Frankenstein imitation as the pretends the fish has come to life. Tyler cringes.

NATHANIAL
It just wants to be your friend.

Nathanial smiles at Utah, as he gives Tyler a brotherly hug and kiss.

NATHANIAL
Just getting little Frankie here ready for the B-B-Q.

BODIE stands nearby chatting with a PRETTY GAL. Pleased to see Utah, he motions him over. Tyler remains in the background visiting with Nathanial, as Utah moves on to shake Bodie's hand.

They are immediately distracted by the small crowd watching ROACH & DAVY engaged in some macho contest. Crouched low, as if surfing, they hold each other's hand, and try to throw the other off balance. After a struggle, Davy falls on his butt. Roach howls, then collects a $100 dollar bill prize money from the loser. Utah grins at Bodie.

UTAH
Don't you gamble?

BODIE
Only make bets I can't afford to lose.
(terrific smile)
Only way to be 100% committed.

With that, Bodie smiles, then he and the pretty gal vanish into the crowd. Utah watches him go, then turns to Tyler.

UTAH
How 'bout a beer?

She shakes her head no.

BEER KEG

A hand briskly works the pump of a keg of beer. We pull back to reveal Utah pouring his glass. He gazes off the deck, down at the dirt bluff overlooking the ocean, then turns to find a vaguely familiar face - a puny guy, long scraggly hair, in a dirty long-sleeved shirt.

UTAH
Don't I know you?

TATTOO MAN
No pardner, you don't know me.

The guy throws a half-assed grin. Utah tries to remember, then shrugs, and extends his hand.

UTAH
Name's Johnny.

TATTOO MAN
Good fer you, pardner.

He doesn't oblige the handshake. Utah stares, then walks away. Familiar Face leans over the keg. His sleeve falls from his wrist, revealing an ugly maze of TATTOOS.

INT. XANADU HALLWAY

UTAH wanders the house, toward the bedrooms. Utah notices a closed door. A carved wooden sign reads *"The Bodhisattva."* Utah looks both ways, then enters.

INT. BODIE'S BEDROOM

Nobody inside. He shuts the door behind him. The room has a wonderful display of personality. Artifacts brought back from his travels. Walls of books - philosophers, poetry, political literature, eastern religion, classics, and detective books. Utah sniffs around, opens drawers & closets, but finds nothing incriminating. He stares up at a

GALLERY OF PHOTOS

All daredevil activities. Shots of Bodie surfing, skydiving, mountain-biking, free-soloing, hang-gliding, bungee-cord-jumping, and cliff-diving.

Suddenly the door opens. Utah spins around to find ROACH standing in the doorway. The surfer looks very dangerous.

ROACH
What the fuck you doing in here?

Utah searches for something to say. Roach steps closer. Utah's eyes widen. Roach turns around to find BODIE leaning against the doorjam.

He was in here alone.

Bodie strolls in, only to ignore them, as he momentarily gazes at his photo gallery.

BODIE
Some great shots, huh?

Bodie lightens up. Grins at Roach.

I'm a snoop, too. Besides, I trust you. Friends are nothing without trust. Don't you think?

Without giving Utah a chance to make excuses, Bodie coyly waves his head for Utah to follow him out the door.

C'mon, brah.

CUT TO:

EXT. XANADU - DAY

Some distance from the house, BODIE and UTAH walk toward the cliff high above the ocean.

BODIE
Roach is very protective. But you've had bigger guys than that after your ass in the "Big Ten." A quarterback hanging in the pocket. Taking the sack. But hell, you like it dangerous.

UTAH
I like to win.

BODIE
Winners overcome doubt, because doubt leads to hesitation, and hesitation leads to getting severely messed up. It's really just trust. In yourself. In your partners.

Bodie flashes his million dollar smile.

So..., think you could trust me?

Bodie leads Utah to the very edge of the

JAGGED CLIFF

Forty feet above a shoreline of rocky beach, which suddenly becomes ocean as a wave rolls in, only to retreat back to sea, exposing the rock once again.

BODIE
About six feet of cushion. Just gotta time it right. Been jumping this break since I was 15. All of us have. It's some ride.

UTAH
Maybe at high tide.

BODIE
It is high tide. C'mon..., I'll time it for you.

Utah looks at Bodie with sick curiosity.

Adrenalin. The ultra-rush. Other guys smoke for it, snort for it, drink for it. All you gotta do is jump.

Utah looks down. The ocean retreats, exposing white foam upon jagged black edges, then returns, bringing six feet of safety. Rock, water, rock.

UTAH
Let's head back to the party.

BODIE
My party. Lot of people who don't have anything stay here. A hot meal. Place to crash. Our way of giving something back to surfing.

UTAH
You just want followers. Shit, I don't even know you. You gotta earn trust.

Bodie stands challenged. His eyes cast a crazy glow. He suddenly lifts Utah's hand high, like an Olympic victory gesture, cupping his palm around it, fingers wrapping tight.

BODIE
Then we'll earn it together.

Utah stands snared in his power. Bodie shuffles them to the edge. A howl pushes up from his lungs. Loud and careless. Utah looks down. Rock, water, rock.

The howl grows to a scream. Bodie leaps into the blue, dragging Utah with him, both men plummeting downward.

SHORE BELOW

Floor of rocks. Our wet daredevils sit on their butts. Utah hoots wildly, and slaps Bodie a high five. Six feet of water washes in, completely submerging them.

CUT TO:

EXT. XANADU SUNDECK - DAY

The sun is low in the sky. A soggy BODIE & UTAH sit wearing boardshorts, as their wet clothes dry on the railing. Smoke rises from the barbecue as TYLER, ROACH, NATHANIAL, & DAVY sit eating seabass.

TYLER
Can't believe he talked you into that.

UTAH
Persuasive guy.

TYLER
Never stop looking for new players for your games, do you, Bodie?

BODIE
Johnny loved it, didn't you, guy?

Utah grins.

TYLER
Shit, Utah. You're almost as crazy as he is.

UTAH
Yeah, but is was a helluva ride down.

She flips her head and walks off. Utah frowns. He gets up to go after her, but is intercepted by Bodie.

BODIE
Aw, she's okay. So Johnny, what're you doing tonight?

CUT TO:

EXT. CESSNA 182 IN FLIGHT - <u>NIGHT</u>

The overwing turbo-prop soars against a full moon. Suddenly passenger doors open. FIVE MEN in "night suits" - <u>glowing tape outlining their bodies with ignited flares strapped to</u>

their boots - leap into freefall, all holding onto one another, exiting the plane like a crazy centipede, the sections tumbling end-over-end. The relative silence of the plane becomes a howling maelstrom of wind.

BODIE
(barely audible over the wind)
Utah, can you hear me?

UTAH
Yeah, yeah..., whoa, oh whoa!

Wearing headsets, they tumble downward into the black moonlit glare, glowing human outlines, clasping to each others waists, ankles, shoulders, or whatever works. The group hold the novice UTAH by both his hands & ankles. The shortwave audio is a hurricane of wind and wild hooting.

BODIE
Stabilize..., flatten it out, look at me, look at me, okay, get those arms wide. Good, we'll work you into the speed star. Just relax, brah.

The ALTIMETER GAUGE fixed to Utah's chest harness reads 12,500 ft. The VERTICAL-SPEED-INDICATOR reads 110 mph and is climbing fast.

UTAH's POV

Visibility is sharp in the cloudless night. The earth below is still a checkerboard of farmland acres, accented by patches of clustered lights and glossed over lakes.

DAVY
Don't worry, Johnny-U., the piss in yer pants' dries quick up 'ere!

ROACH
Whip it out, dudes! Cheap sex with the cosmos! (Pee-Wee laugh)

BODIE
We're falling about 1000 ft. every 6 seconds, brah. Got about another 'purty-30' until we pull the chutes.

DAVY
Night's the ultimate, 'eh Johnny U?

ROACH
Howya doin', Nat? Jammin' with God, yet?

The group slowly stabilizes, aligning themselves parallel to the horizon, and begin to fan outward. They work their hand holds across each others bodies, slowly, carefully, until everybody faces center, held in each other's outstretched hands, forming a perfect "five-man-star."

BODIE
Relax, brah. I got you, I got you.

UTAH
This is like, like a gift, like we won something.

The communal sense of victory is celebrated by a chorus of hoots. Utah's altimeter reads 8,000 ft. Airspeed 130 mph.

DAVY
Righteous-ass speed star, dudes!

ROACH
Pure orgasm, Utah. Dig your first five-way in the sky.

They all grow silent, the boundaries of time & space hidden by the night, intensifying the thrill of free-fall.

BODIE
Purty-30 and we're meat waffles. Whadaya say, brahs?

The speed-star drifts apart. Bodie stays with Utah, falling parallel to the horizon, facing each other, holding and hands. Utah's altimeter reads 4000 ft. Airspeed 150. Bodie smiles, frees a hand, and issues a "thumbs up."

See ya, downtown!

Bodie reaches forward, and yanks the ripcord on Utah's shoulder. The main chute releases, lines pulling taut, and 2 seconds later, a rectangular fluorescent canopy opens.

UTAH's POV

as he is seemingly yanked upward by his shoulders, body instantly vertical, legs shooting downward into view.

The other four accelerate below him, drifting outward, preparing for chute deployment. Roach pulls his ripcord. Then Davy. But Nat and Bodie keep falling.

BODIE
Pull it.

NATHANIAL
You first.

Nat & Bodie dip below 2000 ft, descending at 180 mph. Just 12 seconds left. Nathanial's voice is giddy, while Bodie grows insistant.

BODIE
Pull it!

NATHANIAL
You do it, man... you first.

They dip below 1500 ft. Just 9 seconds left.

BODIE
Pull your goddamn cord! Pull it! Pull it, damn you!

NATHANIAL
You first!

They dip below 1000 ft. Just 6 seconds. Finally Bodie's fluroescent green billows open. Three seconds left. Nathanial pulls his cord. The chute releases and barely unfurls before Nathanial's body slams into the earth.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

The TOMBSTONE reads *Nathaniel Earl Sherrill 1960-1987*
A friend who died as he lived.

The camera pulls back to reveal CARETAKERS tidying up after a funeral. The mourners have gone. Podiums are carried off, chairs folded up, a bouquet of roses is walked past BODIE who sits crosslegged on the grass.

He wears a dark suit, his hair combed, just gazing in the general direction of Nathaniel's tombstone. Into frame step UTAH & TYLER. She remains at a distance, as Utah approaches and slowly squats down, as if testing his welcome into Bodie's privacy. They sit silent a moment.

UTAH
How're the other guys taking it?

Bodie shrugs slowly. He demeanor seems dazed. The man is profoundly shaken beneath his calm veneer.

BODIE
You want the ultimate thrill, you gotta be willing to pay the ultimate price.
(a beat)
Nathaniel got what he paid for.

Bodie speaks as if that is explanation enough. He keeps talking, although most likely to himself.

I think he did it... just to spite me. Guess you could say... he won.

Bodie's eyes look away, his mind spinning at some cerebral distance. Utah gets up, leaving Bodie to his thoughts. He walks back, looking for Tyler, but she's gone.

INT. UTAH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Utah sits at his kitchen table. He nurses a beer as he stares at his Pez Dispenser. A knock at the door. Utah crosses the living room, opens the door, and finds TYLER. Her eyes suggest she has been crying.

UTAH
Tyler? You okay?

She moves slowly, as if in a daze, and leans back against the doorjam, perhaps a bit drunk.

UTAH
You've been drinking.

She walks past him, toward the window, and stares off at the black Pacific, her arms wrapped around herself.

I still can't believe he's gone.

She starts to cry softly. Utah approaches, slowly, standing beside her, and turning her toward him.

I don't understand... why they do these things... why <u>you</u> do these things... try to kill yourselves.

Utah holds her. She burrows her head into his neck. He holds her for a long time. The camera dissolves to

INT. BEDROOM

Utah leads her into his room. Emotionally exhausted, she lies upon the bed, and pulls herself into a fetal postion. Utah folds the quilt over her. She speaks without looking.

TYLER
Don't make me fall in love with you.

Utah stares thoughtfully.

UTAH
Get some rest.

She closes her eyes. He stares as she drifts off to sleep, then exits the room, and closes the door.

CUT TO:

INT. UTAH'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Morning pushes past the curtains. Sleeping on the couch, Utah awakens to the sound of his shower being turned off. The shower door slams. Utah sits up. He stalks into the hallway. The bathroom door is ajar. A red heat lamp burns, as glowing steam seeps out.

INT. BATHROOM

TYLER stands with a leg up on the sink, rubbing lotion into her thigh. Her fingers massage the white trails deep into the tanned skin. Wearing only a simple white brassiere and panties, her blonde hair hangs in wet curls.

Tyler's reflection blurs in the red mist clinging to the mirror. She squirts lotion upon her shoulders, sets down the bottle, and notices Utah now standing behind her.

Their eyes lock in the mirror. His hands slide gently down her shoulders. Tyler's eyes close as she leans back against him. Utah reaches for the lotion, and pours it dripping down her clavicles. His hands work the lotion, then disappear behind her back, and unlatch her brassiere.

Tyler turns around as white lace falls away. They embrace in a breathless kiss. Utah slowly lowers her to the bathroom floor. Tyler clings tightly around his neck as they drop out of frame.

CUT TO:

EXT. PAPPAS HOUSE - DAY

Modest home in a Santa Monica suburb. UTAH pulls into frame, parks his '59 CHEVY NOMAD, and kills the engine. We hear greek music from inside the house.

EXT. FRONT ENTRANCE

Utah approaches. The door is open to the late afternoon's breeze, so he casually steps inside and finds

INT. LIVING ROOM

PAPPAS dancing alone with his shirt off, holding a glass of ouzo in his hand. Facing away from the door, the Greek hears Utah stroll in, and without breaking from his dance, calls out blindly.

PAPPAS
Hey, babe. Get on over here so the big dog can teach ya how to bark.

Pappas howls like a bloodhound, then twirls around. Utah blows a kiss.

UTAH
Woof, woof.

The startled Pappas rolls his eyes, then speaks - his voice more nervous, than embarrassed.

PAPPAS
Johnny! Johnny? You... you didn't call ahead.

UTAH
You silver-bellied devil... Another boring Sunday afternoon at Angelo's?

Pappas delivers a nervous, yet macho chuckle.

PAPPAS
Yeah, well.... So we'll just... unless it's important... talk tomorrow.

EXT. FRONT PORCH

Pappas walks Utah out the door. We sense the Greek is hurrying him.

UTAH
Angelo, listen to me. I'm telling you, next time the Presidents hit, there's going to be one missing. I <u>know</u> it!

PAPPAS
You <u>think</u>. But you don't <u>know</u> shit. Now c'mon, kid. We'll talk more about it in the morning.

A TRIUMPH CONVERTIBLE

suddenly pulls up. A wind-blown MISS DEER throws a friendly wave. She steps out, her jeans looking tight as ever, and lifts a grocery bag from behind the seat. Utah is stunned.

UTAH
I don't believe it. How did you...?

She approaches.

MISS DEER
I <u>think</u> I remembered to buy everything.
(surprised to see Utah)
Oh, hello Johnny.

Pappas stares at the ground, and shuffles his feet. She wonders what is wrong.

MISS DEER
Angie, the spanakopita? You are ready for my lesson?

UTAH
Woof, woof.

Utah winks to Miss Deer, then strolls off.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLIFF JUMP - SUNRISE

The same cliff where Bodie & Utah jumped. Now three men - dark silhouettes in the bright sun - stand upon the cliff. They time the swell - rock, water, rock. They join hands high over their heads, Olympic style, then leap.

CUT TO:

EXT. WELLS FARGO BANK - DAY

Reflections in the bank window suddenly distort into faces of two DEAD PRESIDENTS - LINCOLN & JOHNSON - rushing inside.

INT. BANK ENTRANCE

Same old routine. A SECURITY GUARD spins across the floor.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN
Attention voters, everybody on the floor 'fore we bullet the... blue... sky.

They stop short. Where are the customers? Nothing but BANK PERSONNEL who stare as if these bandits are crazy. A WOMAN holding a clipboard laughs. Another snickers.

WOMAN
Can I help you?

The two bandits stand befuddled.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON
Shit yeah, bitch. Suck linoleum!

WOMAN
But..., there's no money here. This branch is closed. Out of business.

LBJ lowers his shotgun and glances at Lincoln.

WOMAN
We closed yesterday. They opened that big new one up on Sepulveda. I'm terribly sorry. It's got great big vaults. I'm sure you'd love it.

Her straight face breaks into giggles. LBJ looks at Lincoln. Shoulders droop, and weapons dip.

BLACK & WHITE VIDEO

The scene segues to b&w surveillance video. The embarrassed bandits quibble as they retreat from the scene. We pull back to reveal UTAH & PAPPAS viewing the tape.

UTAH
So where's President Kennedy?

Pappas stares at Utah with a newfound curiosity.

PAPPAS
Sonofabitch.

UTAH
Let's drop it on Harp.

PAPPAS
Ease up, kid. When the time is right.

CUT TO:

EXT. XANADU - DAY

BODIE sits crosslegged upon the cliff behind Xanadu, sunning himself like a buddha. The camera circles around him, pulling away, until his back is to us. Then a

TATTOOED ARM

curls into frame, lifting a cigarette to an unshaven mouth. A match sizzles into flame. TATTOO MAN takes a puff, throws the match, walks up to Bodie, and squats beside him.

TATTOO MAN
Bodhisattva. Man-o-man, you need to talk with me. About that new friend of yours. That guy, Johnny Utah. Took me some time, but man-o-man, I 'meber him.

Bodie raises his hand.

BODIE
I know what you're going to say.

We hear a faint buzz, growing louder, as the camera pulls away, high along the beach. The buzz grows obnoxious, as the camera keeps pulling, lifting into the air.

CUT TO:

EXT. RISING SUN - DAWN

The buzz shrieks as the flaming sun pushes itself up the gusting morning sky. It stops. Starts again. Pulsates.

INT. UTAH'S APARTMENT

Somebody is ringing the fucking doorbell at this ungodly hour. Whoever it is, won't let up.

TYLER

opens her eyes. Next to her is a snoring UTAH. Tyler pulls herself to consciousness, fumbles for a bathrobe, and staggers to the door.

TYLER
This better be damn important.

BODIE

stands outside the door wearing a lunatic grin. Behind him, a howling wind bends the trees. Bodie's eyes are wild. Behind him ROACH & DAVY hoot from a pickup truck.

BODIE
A beautiful morning, Tyler. Came to take Johnny down the mountain.

TYLER
(annoyed)
We're sleeping.

Bodie smiles, flares an eyebrow, then squeezes past.

What the hell is this?

An exasperated Tyler follows, as Bodie enters the bedroom, jostles the mattress, and brings a startled Utah to life.

BODIE
It's a special day, Johnny Utah. Got a bike in the truck for you. We're goin' down the mountain, brah.

TYLER
Find someone else for your goddamn games. What is it between you two?

Bodie ignores her, and extends his hand to Utah.

BODIE
Gonna be some ride.

Utah stares up at Bodie. He twists toward Tyler, registers her concern, then finally takes Bodie's hand, and is pulled out of the bed.

CUT TO:

EXT. PICKUP - DAWN

A treacherous road along the Malibu canyons. Morning dew sizzles in the growing heat. U2's "Bullet the Blue Sky" rises to a haunting pulse, as the PICKUP weaves along the mountain switchbacks.

INT. PICKUP

The tapedeck blasts U2. BODIE & UTAH sit inside the cab. Through the rear window, we see ROACH & DAVY in the flatbed. Bodie lowers the volume.

UTAH
Great song, huh.

The two share a grin.

BODIE
Read something pretty funny in the paper. Three guys held up some bank, only to find it was out-of-business. Imagine the look on their faces?

A long pregnant silence. Utah breaths deeply, remaining calm, his voice carrying a chilling bravado.

UTAH
Takes guts to rob a bank. All that adrenalin pumping, waving loaded guns, taking out the guards, getting everybody on the floor, never knowin' who's gonna burst in, and wondering, even though there's no time, wondering what it's like to take a bullet.

Utah's smile is a personal challenge.

Must be some ride.

Bodie sits perversely intrigued. The mental warface escalates into a brittle tension.

BODIE
Banks are insured. Long as nobody gets shot, it's really a victimless crime. Just gotta scare 'em a little.
(a beat)
If I robbed a bank, know what I'd carry?

Bodie reaches his hand underneath his seat. He pulls out a huge holstered handgun, rests it in his lap, draws, and holds the gun up against his cheek.

.454 Casull. Most powerful handgun in the world. 3.2 lbs of stainless steel cannon. Shells are so big that the cylinder only holds five. Got a muzzle velocity of 2000 feet per second. Twice the energy of a .44 Magnum. Shock wave's so powerful you can even kill someone by missing.

Utah hisses coldly.

UTAH
Bullet the Blue Sky.

Bodie stares at Utah with menacing eyes - then flashes his million dollar smile, twirls the gun, grabs the barrel, and extends the handle to Utah.

BODIE
Wanna hold it?

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN RIDGE - DAY

Four gladiators stand upon the bluff, staring down a narrow dirt trail, securing helmets, pads, goggles, and gloves. Sunlight reflecting off the chrome, UTAH, BODIE, DAVY, & ROACH straddle their mountain bikes.

ROACH
Basic cosmic motivations apply. Last bruhhda to the bottom's gotta peddle up and grab the pickup.

Roach does a "Pee Wee" laugh, that stops as Bodie displays a pair of wire cutters.

BODIE
Then I won't be needing these.

He snips the cable to his rear brake calipers. Utah stares in disbelief. Roach & Davy look concerned. Bodie offers the wire cutters. The others shake heads no.

DAVY
Outta yer fuckin' brain, dude.

Except Utah, who stares Bodie down, takes the cutters, twists around, and snips his rear cable.

BODIE
Watch that front brake, brah. Wouldn't wanna launch your ass into space.

UTAH
Just watch your own ass.

MOUNTAIN TRAIL - MOMENTS LATER

The bikes soar off a dirt embankment. One after the other, they go airborne, landing on the steep downhill, bouncing hard, stubby rear tires skidding sideways, with the riders just barely hanging on.

UTAH'S POV

Yellow goggles at maximum vibration, ocean horizon filling the sky, staring past gloved hands gripped fiercely to the handlebars, 18-speed shifters poised on the inside of both thumbs, and brake levers - well, forget the brakes.

THE TRAIL

weaves through narrow corridors of manzanita brush, amplifying the sensation of speed. The handlebar tips tear at the brush, threatening to drag the bike sideways.

UTAH'S CHAIN

rattles against the crank sprocket, whipping up, down, sidewise, threatening to break loose.

THE RIDERS

keep their butts off the seat, shoved back over the rear tire, to keep from flipping. Bodie leads the pack downhill, Utah dogging his tail. Roach & Davy, with the luxury of rear brakes, control their descent to a reasonably foolhardy pace, and quickly fall back out of sight.

UTAH'S POV

as he fights to overcome the relentless vibration, staying just behind Bodie, zig-zagging past the jutting rocks, both descending the slope on the edge of control.

LOW TREE BRANCH

suddenly looms ahead. Bodie literally skids underneath it, bouncing off the trail, hopping back up, and continuing on. Utah is just able to collapse down into the frame, barely skimming underneath.

THE TRAIL

suddenly winds along the edge of a sheer drop.

UTAH'S POV

is a frantic attempt to overcome the centrifugal force that wants to slingshot him into outer space. Suddenly the trail straightens out and dips down into a

MOUNTAIN STREAM

that splashes water up into

UTAH'S POV

yellow goggles, blurring his vision, and causing him to remove a hand to wipe it off. The bike fishtails wildly without both hands firmly planted on the handlebars.

THE DOWNHILL

is all guts, not giving into fear, as elbows wildly bounce up & down, upper bodystrength unable to overcome the vibration. Each rider's butt twists side-to-side off the seat, torsos barely able to remain above the frame.

The hill quickly becomes a joke. It grows so steep that you could barely walk down. Both riders accelerate out of control, rolling as fast as possible just to keep from falling. No time for decision. Only reaction.

BODIE & UTAH

leave their mountain bikes simultaneously, both flying up and over, flipping backward into the air.

Both bodies tuck into tight balls, and soar like full-court basketball shots, flying into the manzanita, and bouncing to an eventual stop, about ten yards apart.

Both lie still. Horribly still. Then the moans begin. Necks move, hands move, then legs move. The moans orchestrate into a musical discourse of pain, both men comically carrying the tune, as they roll to their knees.

BODIE
You... okay?

UTAH
Oh yeah..., no problem. Think I left my dick back there on the handlebars.

Bodie starts to laugh. So does Utah. The laughter builds, as they crawl, limp, and stagger to each other.

BODIE
If I even look... half as shitty as you... then I'm definitely fucked up.

UTAH
Yeah... but listen... the bad news... is I bounced further down the hill... so you gotta get the truck.

Blood smeared over their torn bodies, they fall into each other's arms, and laugh as hard as they can.

CUT TO:

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - DAY

A hodge-podge of band-aids and gauze tape, UTAH stands near the 17th floor window. PAPPAS shakes his head.

PAPPAS
Kid, you're getting way too involved with this.

UTAH
It's only scrapes and bruises.

PAPPAS
I'm not talking about these!

He slaps Utah's forehead.

What were you thinking? Going alone into the mountains with them? You're losing your perspective, kid. Just what is it between you two?

Utah lays an outstretched palm against the wall, and stares out the window at the ocean.

UTAH
I don't know.

CUT TO:

EXT. XANADU - NIGHT

A buddha in the moonlight, BODIE sits crosslegged upon the cliff behind Xanadu, staring blankly at the ocean. The camera circles around him, focusing in upon his eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. UTAH'S BEDROOM - DAY

The soft morning light sifts through the curtains over two naked bodies tangled in a romantic knot.

TYLER wakes up, and untangles herself from the sleeping UTAH. She rolls out of bed, rubs the chill from her arms, rummages his bureau for a shirt, finds the Colts jersey, and pulls it on.

Then she notices something hidden - a holstered .357 MAGNUM. Secured under a strap is a gold star. The engraving reads *Federal Bureau of Investigation - Special Agent Johnny Utah.*

Utah rolls in his sleep, flopping into a spread-eagled X. The pillow beside him explodes into goosedown. Utah rises up, eyes wide, mouth agape. Tyler stands above him, reverberating from the kick of the smoking .357 Magnum. She throws the FBI star at him.

TYLER
A fucking lawyer? You lied to me! So this is why you knew so much about me. The exact wine, the exact music, the exact everything!

UTAH
Tyler, put the gun down.

She fires again. Feathers fly, as Utah flinches sideways. Her emotional distress has unraveled her control.

TYLER
So... is this why? I mean, the reason we're... Jesus Christ, Johnny. This about commodities? You think I'm-

UTAH
No. No, I work bankrobbery. The bandits I'm after, they're surfers.

TYLER
You've been using me?

She waves the .357 at his face.

Don't you keep lying to me, Johnny!
You've been using me all along!

His inability to find the words is answer enough. She starts to cry. Doubling over in anguish, she sits on the bed, her back to him. The gun flops from her grip.

Don't you have a soul? Goddamn you,
Johnny. Goddamn you to hell.

Utah takes the gun, and gently comforts her. She bolts at his touch, and runs from the bedroom. We hear a tremendous crash, plastic crunching. The music stops. A satisfied grunt. Keys jingle. The front door opens and slams shut.

CUT TO:

EXT. XANADU - DAY

The coast home sits perched above the ocean. The camera pulls back to reveal a SEDAN with dark tinted windows parked alongside the highway.

INT. SEDAN - DAY

Head flopped back over the seat, PAPPAS snoozes with a sports page over his face, as a glum UTAH - wearing a Dodger's cap - stares blankly at the distant house. Pappas quietly pulls the paper from his face.

PAPPAS
Kid, you alright?

Utah nods weakly. Pappas stares. He accepts the silent reply, and pulls the sports page back over his face.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Parked in a gas station, we see Pappas inside the sedan staring across the street, as BODIE exits his pickup and walks inside a market. The camera moves past Pappas and finds Utah standing inside a

PHONEBOOTH

dropping in change. He dials. Finally gets Tyler's answering machine.

TYLER'S ANSWERING MACHINE
Hi, it's me. Leave a message.

Beep. Utah lets the tape roll a moment, then speaks softly.

UTAH
I miss you.

He cradles the receiver and heads back to the sedan.

INT. SEDAN - NIGHT

Pappas eats a meatball sandwich. Sauce dripping everywhere, a meatball squeezes out the end, bouncing on the vinyl seat. Pappas calmly stuffs it back into the roll. Utah tosses a huge stack of napkins at him.

INT. SEDAN - DAY

Morning dew on the windshield, Utah & Pappas sit underneath blankets, squirming in vain to find a comfortable position to sleep. Their unshaven faces are dark with stubble.

EXT. XANADU - DAY

Sun high in the sky, Bodie's PICKUP pulls from the coastline home, turns onto PCH, and passes the parked sedan. After a moment, the sedan follows.

EXT. VENTURA BLVD - DAY

Hiding behind traffic, and staying a safe distance behind, Utah & Pappas follow the pickup down the through the city. Merging between lanes, Bodie finally parks across the street from a branch of First Trust Bank, wedged between a Denny's and a gas station. Lettering on the the bank's brick wall reads *North Hollywood, California.*

PAPPAS (VO)
Yeah, he's stopping. Pull over here.
Good. Yeah, this is real good.

Bodie steps out of his pickup, leans against the door, wipes the lens of his wayfarers, and casually studies the bank.

Look at 'em lick his chops. Now it's only a matter of time.

INT. SEDAN

Parked down the street, UTAH & PAPPAS stare at Bodie through the bright glare shinning off the windshield. Strewn McDonalds wrappers litter the car.

PAPPAS
It's almost over, kid. How you gonna feel when those bars close behind him?

Utah pauses, perhaps never having considered the aftermath.

UTAH
Alone.

Pappas stares, with both surprise and understanding.

PAPPAS
Life's sure got a sick sense of humor, huh kid?

CUT TO:

EXT. UTAH'S APARTMENT - DAY

Unshaven, exhausted from the stakeout, UTAH walks slowly past Mr. Hickory Man, up to his apartment, and stops. Spray painted across his front door is the message *"Don't Call Me Anymore!"* Utah lets out a breath, turns the key, enters the apartment, and slams the door behind him.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - DAY

TYLER kneels in the sand, waxing her board. UTAH enters frame, and silently watches. She stands, rising her board upon it's end. Tyler's face remains passive, her heart like an empty glass. He speaks without anger.

UTAH
Got your message.

TYLER
Got yours, too.

UTAH
And?

TYLER
And... these things happen. Men screw over their woman, the woman walk away, the men whimper, usually make fools of themselves, and still end up alone. 'Cause nobody ever changes.

UTAH
I could change.

TYLER
Sure.... How could you ever prove to me, that I meant more than a job?

Utah has nothing to say. Tyler senses it, grabs her board, and prepares to head into the surf. She looks down the shoreline with a sad nostalgia.

Summer's winding down. Everybody's going their own way. You, me, even Bodie and the guys.

UTAH
October's a month away.

TYLER
They called to say goodbye. Said they're heading out tomorrow.

Utah reacts. Tyler walks off toward the water. Utah almost says something, but realizes it wouldn't matter.

CUT TO:

EXT. XANADU - NIGHT

The frame is outlined by infra-red binoculars. We see BODIE, ROACH, & DAVY stowing away patio furniture inside the garage. They grab some suitcases, then close the garage door, and padlock it.

PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY

Reverse angle shows a SEDAN parked along the dirt shoulder, a fair distance up the highway.

INT. SEDAN

PAPPAS lowers the binoculars from his eye. UTAH sits next to him sipping a cup of coffee.

PAPPAS
We'll be waiting when they stop to pick up some travel money.

He flashes a devilish grin.

Let's stick it to Harp.

CUT TO:

EXT. HARP'S CONDO - NIGHT

A snazzy Marina Del Rey condo. UTAH & PAPPAS relentlessly rap the tiny anchor on the garish front door.

HARP (VO)
I got ears, alright!

The door opens revealing HARP, perfectly groomed, wearing a holstered gun underneath his silk kimono.

UTAH
You <u>always</u> wear that piece?

HARP
This better be real good.

Pappas offers a box of Winchell's donuts.

PAPPAS
Cinnamon custard puff?

CUT TO:

EXT. CLIFF JUMP - DAWN

The morning sun rises into a sapphire sky. THREE DARK SILHOUETTES stand upon the cliff. They time the swell - rock, water, rock. They join hands high over their heads, Olympic style, then leap.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIRST TRUST BANK - DAY

The letters read *North Hollywood, California*. Through a glass door, we see HANDS fiddling with keys, struggling, really struggling to open the damn lock.

We pull to reveal a few CUSTOMERS waiting for the BANK MANAGER to open for business. Finally the SECURITY GUARD commandeers the keys, applies the proper touch, and the double glass doors swing open. The customers hurry

INT. BANK

inside the bank, and obediently follow the red velvet ropes to the first teller window. The teller's face remains hidden as he sorts receipts. He finally raises his head, revealing the familiar smile of ANGELO PAPPAS.

PAPPAS
Good morning. Be right with you.

UTAH sits at a desk, wearing a paste-on mustache and trim beard. He stares out of frame, at HARP sitting at an adjacent desk, penciling numbers on a pad, who looks up.

HARP
You know what this is costing the taxpayers, Utah?

BANK - LATER

It's gotten busy. Customers waiting in the teller line are backed nearly to the front entrance.

Pappas stands behind the teller window, flustered as he is verbally hammered by a vicious OLD LADY customer.

VICIOUS OLD LADY
You're not only incompetent, but you're an ignorant peasant as well! No wonder an old whale of your years is still just a teller!

PAPPAS
Mamm, please, would you just-

She turns and storms away.

Jesus God, I hope they hit us soon.

The camera finds Utah at his desk, attempting to pass himself as a loan officer to some unsuspecting CUSTOMER.

CUSTOMER
In regard to an adjustable rate mortgage loan, can you tell me how the one year Treasury Index compares to the 11th District Cost of Funds Index, and what are the margins on each?

Utah pauses awkwardly, as if some divine financial inspiration will suddenly befall him. It does, as

"DEAD PRESIDENT" LINCOLN

walks in followed by LBJ. Their latex expressions oddly serene, empty gloved hands held in plain sight, LBJ remains at the door, as Lincoln approaches the tellers.

Utah bolts upward, quietly watching Lincoln follow the red velvet rope. Customers allow him to cut to the front of the line, where he waits for the next available teller.

Pappas bears an icy smile. He hand obviously clenched around something steel & cold below the counter.

PAPPAS
Next, please?

Lincoln steps up to the teller window. A smile pops from his latex mouth. He reaches inside his coat.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN
I'd like to-

Everybody draws their weapon. In an overwhelming show of pointblank firepower, every bank teller, bank officer, every customer - all special agents - flash guns.

Lincoln freezes, flabbergasted at the display. He slowly pulls his hand from beneath his suit lapel. It holds a checkbook with a hundred dollar bill sticking out of it.

...make a deposit.

Utah steps up, pulls off his own disguise, then triumphantly tears off Lincoln's mask. It is not Bodie. Utah's face contorts in angry amazement. Noticing the blue-green wrists, he pulls off Lincoln's coat, and finds two scrawny arms of ugly tattoos.

TATTOO MAN
Man-o-man, since when's there a fuckin' law against making a deposit?

CUT TO:

EXT. WELLS FARGO BANK - SEPULVEDA BRANCH - DAY

A banner reads *Gala Opening*. We see a SEDAN parked out front, engine running, vapor rising from the tailpipe, with PRESIDENT GEORGE WASHINGTON behind the wheel.

DEAD PRESIDENT JOHNSON (VO)
Everybody suck linoleum before we bullet the blue sky!

INT. WELLS FARGO - B&W SURVEILLANCE VIDEO

High angle wide shot as a SECURITY GUARD slides spread-eagled across the floor, slamming against the wall, and crumpling into a heap. About 50 PEOPLE drop to the floor of this spiffy new bank.

"Dead Presidents" LINCOLN & JOHNSON walk briskly through the bodies. Lincoln stares up at the surveillance camera, grins like a lunatic, draws his .454 Casull, and blasts the camera to smithereens. The image goes black.

EXT. FIRST TRUST PARKING LOT

A crowd gawks as FBI sedans are double-parked everywhere. The wasted manpower is overwhelming. HARP screams at UTAH & PAPPAS as a handcuffed TATTOO MAN is escorted away.

HARP
You idiots know how much this practical joke cost the taxpayers? You've made complete fools of the Bureau!

Special Agent DOBBS bursts into frame.

DOBBS
Dead Presidents just took out the Wells Fargo on Sepulveda. Used this decoy to draw away manpower.

INT. WELLS FARGO BANK FLOOR

LBJ guards the double glass doors. TWO CUSTOMERS stroll into the bank, and are rudely hurled to the floor.

President Lincoln leans over a floor desk with an engraved plague reading *Supervisor*. He rudely drags a well-dressed WOMAN up from beneath it.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN
You the floor supervisor?

Too nervous to respond, he rattles her cage by jamming the Casull muzzle into her nostrils. She nods wildly.

Be a doll and open the vault.

EXT. FIRST TRUST PARKING LOT

Harp slaps his thigh in anger. Utah twists sideways in disbelief, avoiding the frustration in Pappas's face.

PAPPAS
Goddammit kid, I knew you were getting too close.

INT. WELLS FARGO BANK FLOOR

Lincoln jogs the supervisor over to the vault. The steel hatch is already swung wide, with only a crosshatched wire door to get past. She inserts the key.

Another CUSTOMER walks into the bank. He is sprawled sideways. A woman hyperventilates in terrified shrieks. LBJ brutally kicks her quiet.

The Security Guard, still crumpled in a heap, carefully watches Dead President Lincoln, as he collects TWO BANK TELLERS, as the wire door is opened.

VAULT

Lincoln herds the two Tellers and the Supervisor inside the steel & concrete room. We find three wall-racks overloaded with neatly stacked billpacks.

EXT. FIRST TRUST PARKING LOT

Dobbs continues his report.

DOBBS
All this gave them time to empty the vault. Cleared almost half-a-mil.

INT. WELLS FARGO VAULT

Lincoln tosses duffel sacks to his three hostages, who quickly begin loading them with money.

BANK FLOOR

Suddenly THREE CUSTOMERS enter the bank. LBJ gunbutts two into submission, while the third screams, and bolts for the street. LBJ lunges, grabs his collar, slams him facefirst into the glass. He slithers to the floor, his broken nose tracing a bloody smear down the glass.

Through the glass, we see TWO STREET PASSERSBY walking along the sidewalk. They scream at the blood dripping down the glass, and scramble to safety.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON
Time! It's time! Fuckin' move it!

VAULT

Lincoln flags his Casull as his hostages finish loading the bags. There is still more money, but the duffels are full.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN
That's enough! Now drag 'em out!

BANK FLOOR

Another CUSTOMER enters the bank. LBJ sucker punches him unconscious, the violence escalating fast.

The Security Guard, whose empty holster is clearly visible, slyly reaches inside his jacket.

EXT. FIRST TRUST PARKING LOT

DOBBS
And they upped the stakes. This time someone got hurt.

INT. WELLS FARGO BANK FLOOR

Lincoln prods his three duffel-toting captives out from the vault, and hurries them past the counter.

The Security Guard flashes a small-caliber pistol from his jacket, valiantly jabs the barrel toward unsuspecting Lincoln, and fires. The lead bank teller catches the slug in her neck, and twirls backward, gagging for breath.

Lincoln never hesitates. The world's most powerful handgun proves it's claim at 2,000 feet per second.

EXT. FIRST TRUST PARKING LOT

DOBBS
They wasted a guard.

INT. WELLS FARGO BANK FLOOR

The headless guard skids across the linoleum, moved by sheer force of the impact, spewing an armageddon of blood. Fifty people scream, their collective horror a terrible siren, echoing across the bank.

EXT. FIRST TRUST PARKING LOT

Harp is on the verge of a heart attack. The exasperated Utah is dumbfounded.

UTAH
But they're not killers? Never fired a shot before. Against their beliefs.

INT. WELLS FARGO BANK FLOOR

Lincoln pauses to reflect on what he has done, as LBJ rushes forward, shaking Lincoln back to reality. Both bandits grab the duffels, and flee from the bloody horror.

EXT. FIRST TRUST PARKING LOT

Harp attacks Utah. Clutching his shoulders, he knocks him off-balance into the brick wall, and pins him tight.

HARP
I'm eating your star on this! You hear me, surfer boy? Because of your incompetence, a man is dead. How's that sit in your gut? Huh?

Utah shoves Harp backwards.

UTAH
Get your fucking hands off me!

HARP
You're finished, Utah!

They glare in bitter rage. Harp breathes hard, catches his wind, and storms off to a waiting sedan.

Pappas lays a hand against the wall, and stands silently beside his partner. The two stand silent a moment, calming themselves, clearing their thoughts.

PAPPAS
So how do you think they'll try to get out of the country?

CUT TO:

RIALTO AIRPORT - DAY

The FBI SEDAN powerslides around a turn, straightens out, and barrels down the tiny airport's main road. They swerve past a hanger reading *National Skydiving School*.

UTAH is not stopping for anything, and PAPPAS knows it as he clutches the dashboard, spitting into the radio mic.

PAPPAS
Nobody takes off! You hear me, tower! Fuckin' nobody!

THE SEDAN

takes a series of speed bumps full blast, both passenger's heads crashing up into the roof, then skids wildly, turning past a hanger, and a taxiing PIPER CUB, to the runway.

PLANE RUNWAY BERTH AREA

A steel forest of small private planes, all parked in neat rows along the runway's edge.

THE SEDAN

zooms into the "Cessna forest," negotiating the planes at full speed. Utah pushes the peddle to the floor.

PAPPAS
Kid? What the hell?

UTAH
Cinch your seatbelt tight!

Pappas eyes show the sick realization that he knows Utah means it. He frantically tugs at his belt with both hands, as just ahead they spot Bodie's

CESSNA 182

Overwing Turbo Prop being readied for takeoff. A huge GASOLINE TRUCK is parked beside it, a thick hose pumping fuel, with Bodie's PICKUP just beyond that.

BODIE & DAVY

stand frozen, both hands lugging the baggage & money duffels toward the plane, having no time to react.

ROACH

suddenly appears from the plane doors, perhaps having spotted the sedan a split-second earlier, because a shotgun rises from his hip, and glares orange.

THE SEDAN

The front hood explodes up over the windshield, blocking out the view, as radiator water splashes everywhere.

UTAH

fights to hold the wheel, as the car swerves wildly, flipping end over end, and soaring airborne into the

CESSNA 182

deadcenter, the sheer force plowing the plane sideways twenty yards. The sedan lands upsidedown, fused into the demolished plane.

GASOLINE TRUCK

is spared from the collision, but the hose is torn away, high octane fuel spilling everywhere. The OPERATOR abandons the vehicle and sprints for safety.

BODIE & DAVY

stand rigid upon the asphalt in total disbelief. Suitcases and duffel bags drop to the ground.

UPSIDEDOWN SEDAN

Hung upsidedown in their seatbelts, they fumble at their seatbelts, jammed by the weight of their bodies pulling them tight. Pappas gets free. Falls on his head. Cursing, he scrambles out, with his .38 Snubnose held tight.

BODIE & DAVY

scramble for cover, gasoline already flowing underneath their feet, the hot vapor flowing upward in glossy veils.

UTAH

yanks at his seatbelt, still stuck inside the sedan, desperately trying to free himself.

PAPPAS

staggers clear of the wreckage as

DAVY

draws his handgun, standing rigid upon the wet asphalt, his eyes wild, and fires at the special agent.

PAPPAS

charges like an angry bull, his Snubnose held high. "You pull it, you empty it."

DAVY

stuttersteps backward in a hail of hollowpoint bullets, his legs finally buckling in death.

PAPPAS

darts for cover beside the gasoline truck, kneels in the spilled fuel, and scans for Bodie. He dumps the spent shells, and slaps a "quickloader" into the gun chamber.

UTAH

tugs at his jammed seatbelt, just able to see Pappas through the shattered passenger side window.

ROACH

suddenly rises up from the mutilated Cessna fuselage. Horribly torn from the collision, blood everywhere, he stares at the underbelly of the sedan. Turning, he spots the unaware Pappas, and weakly raises his shotgun.

UTAH

spots Roach's reflection in the shattered sidedoor mirror. He reaches for his Magnum, which is buried in his coat, fastened tight to his chest by the seatbelt. Squeezing his hand inside the coat, he furiously claws for the gun.

SIDEVIEW MIRROR - ROACH

wobbles, his aim wavering, as the draining blood robs him of strength. He props himself, and raises the shotgun.

UTAH

twists in dire frustration, finally freeing the gun. Without hesitation, he stretches out the window, and fires upsidedown at

ROACH

who collapses in a bloody heap.

PAPPAS

spins in the direction of the shots. Realizing that Utah saved his life, he sports a thumbs up.

BODIE

pounces from behind the gasoline truck. He never flinches as he brings the world's most powerful handgun to bear upon

PAPPAS

whose face we love explodes into a memory.

BODIE

stares curiously at his victim, whose blood mixes with the spilling gasoline.

UTAH

Pappas collapses out of Utah's line of sight. The trapped special agent cannot see anything.

UTAH

Angelo! Angelo!

Utah barehands a shard of broken glass, and slashes at the seatbelt. Frantically cutting himself clear, he stumbles out of the wreckage.

BODIE

scoops up a gasoline soaked duffel bag, swings it into the pickup's flatbed, and dives into the cab - his .454 Casull clanking against the door frame, tumbling into the runway, and bouncing far underneath the pickup.

UTAH

staggers around the car, gasoline everywhere, and finds the grizzly carnage. His body freezes, foolishly exposed, just staring down at his dead partner, the man he pushed so hard.

THE PICKUP

peels away at full speed, Bodie forced to abandon the dropped weapon, which lies upon the asphalt.

UTAH

takes a shooting stance, raises his .357, but his line of sight is blocked by the rows of parked airplanes.

THE PICKUP

clears the "Cessna forest," and swerves across the open runway. Bodie turns in long curve, following the perimeter of the parked planes, which curls back around to the hanger - past which lies the access road.

UTAH

rubbernecks for a pursuit vehicle. The sedan is hopeless.

THE GASOLINE TRUCK's

torn fuel line just spills and spills, a vast high octane lake growing, vapor rising in the heat, and distorting everything into a wavy tragedy.

UTAH

climbs inside the mammoth truck. He can see the pickup is looping toward the hanger. Utah's quickest tangent of intersection is to drive directly through the Cessna forest, and "t-bone" the pickup. Utah thrusts

THE GASOLINE TRUCK

into gear. The truck spills a glossy trail of high octane as it brutally plows through the Cessna forest, disintegrating the airplanes that stand in its path.

THE PICKUP

squeals fullspeed, Bodie's head turning as he hears the booming explosion of a private aircraft

THE GASOLINE TRUCK

has careened past, aluminum shrapnel flying up behind the fleeing vehicle, launched from a core of smoke and brilliant orange flame. The

CESSNA FOREST

suddenly becomes an inferno as the flames dance upon the trail of spilled fuel.

UTAH

stares hell-bent behind the shattered windshield as

THE GASOLINE TRUCK

splinters onward, tearing off wings, sending them airborne like surfboards in a violent swell. Nearly past the "Cessna forest," the hanger looms just ahead.

THE PICKUP

curls into direct view, racing like a horseback cowboy, betting he can beat the speeding train.

BODIE's

eyes widen with the challenge.

UTAH's

eyes are slits.

THE GASOLINE TRUCK

spears the pickup broadside - just behind the cab - plowing it thirty blistering yards of sparks and horseshoed steel, before finally dragging to a halt.

UTAH

is quickly out, gun drawn, and aimed dead-center on

BODIE's

heart. The shaken surfer slowly steps out of the wreckage, into the quickly forming octane lake, his hands stretched out wide, and his eyes never veering from Utah.

UTAH
You're gone!

Bodie casually nods his disagreement. His right hand clicks a flame. The man is holding a cigarette lighter. He pulls a pencil from his pocket, and sets the end on fire.

BODIE
They say it's painless. Haven't you always wondered?

Utah does not surrender.

UTAH
Yeah, I have.

We hear muffled screams. Bodie flashes his million dollar smile, as the camera pans to the pickup, and finds

TYLER

bound & gagged in a heap upon the passenger seat.

BODIE
Never had an insurance policy in my entire life, but the guys were big on it, what with Special Agent Johnny Utah on the job.

The gasoline soaks into their shoes, the vapor evaporating upward, amplifying the doomsday decision.

So how badly do you want me?

Utah is speechless. Bodie flips the flaming pencil into the air, twirling like a baton, and catches it.

BODIE
Whadaya know, we're still here.

Bodie grins like a lunatic, as Utah lets out of breath.

If I trade this fire for the cannon, then that's it. I go free. Because we've earned trust, haven't we, brah?

Utah stares. He turns to Tyler, her eyes sending a terrified plea for life.

Haven't we?

Finally, painfully, Johnny Utah nods. He places the gun on ground, and slides it to Bodie - who smiles, then sticks the flaming pencil into his mouth, dousing the flame.

Well, grab your honey, cause I got some waves to catch.

Utah scoops Tyler from the cab, as Bodie steps into the crippled pickup, ignoring the gun. He turns to Utah, issues his whacky thumbs up, and starts the engine.

Takes a lickin' 'n keeps on tickin'.

Holding the sobbing Tyler, Utah stares at the nearby gun, as Bodie backs the pathetic vehicle free of the gas truck, and hobbles off to freedom.

Utah gently pulls the tape from her mouth. After a moment, he reaches into his pocket, and finds his FBI star. First showing it to Tyler, he takes on last look, before flipping it to the ground.

The camera pulls back, exposing the flaming runway, as our lovers hold each other close.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PUB - NIGHT

A dank pub. Not crowded. Blue light filters up from a juke box. A snarling crocodile head is mounted above a tapper of Guinness Stout. A Koala bear with plastic eyes holds a Foster's. A BARTENDER with leathered skin washes glasses.

BARTENDER
(without looking)
What'll it be, mate?

The young disheveled CUSTOMER seated at the bar remains silent. His head turned down and away, he lightly taps the point of a dart against his open palm.

The bartender looks up and inspects the customer. He notices pinpricks of blood dotting his palm.

BARTENDER
C'mon mate, a pint oughta help matters.

CUSTOMER
Ouzo.

BARTENDER
Oh..., it's you.

JOHNNY UTAH

swivels toward the camera. Weeks, months, maybe years have passed. His tanned face is barely recognizable, jaws hidden underneath a slight beard, long bleached-out hair swept back behind an ear. His muscular shoulders pop from a sleeveless Colts jersey. The man seems in a daze.

UTAH
A storm's coming. A huge storm.

The bartender rummages through the wall of liquor, finally locating the clear bottle.

BARTENDER
What? Sky's clear, mate.

UTAH
It's out there..., bringing me the swell.

The heavy air of Utah's demeanor stills the bartender, who pours the near empty bottle over ice. Utah dips the dart into his glass, stirring the ouzo until it turns to milk.

BARTENDER
You're the only one who drinks this rot.

Utah lifts the glass to his lips, sipping carefully, as if it were holy water. Utah lowers the glass, picks up the dart, turns toward something out of frame.

His arm whips overhead, releasing the dart, which hits a travel poster tacked on the wall. A colossal wave breaks underneath the words - *Bell's Beach, Australia.*

CUT TO:

EXT. BELL'S BEACH, AUSTRALIA - DAY

The sky is a grey, howling mess. Below it, rising up from the ocean like five-story buildings, roll the most terrifying waves any surfer has ever seen.

They close out, crashing straight down into a holocaust of spray, casting a shockwave up the shore. The camera pulls back, rattling up the sand, to some SURFERS.

1ST SURFER
The monsters are up. Sure ain't paddlin' into that.

2ND SURFER
Jesus Almighty, the bloody sand's shakin'.

The beach sounds like a mortar range, waves exploding with a deafening cacophony of noise, like dynamited skyscrapers collapsing into rubble.

1ST SURFER
Gotta be the 50-year-storm, man. Never ever seen nothin' like this.

2ND SURFER
Totally closed-out. It's fuckin' suicide.

JOHNNY UTAH

stands mingling with the brahs. His expression turns to calm satisfaction as he focuses down the beach, toward a solitary MAN standing in a wetsuit.

UTAH
Someone will give it shot. There's always one.

BODIE

drops his butt to the sand, arms folded around his knees, and stares pensively out at the waves. His hand reaches out and absently strokes a surfboard lying next to him.

UTAH (VO)
Bells Beach make's Weimea Bay look like a wading pool.

Bodie smiles - the odd smile of a sportsman who appreciates the cunning of his opponent. Utah sits beside his prey, and stares at the ocean.

BODIE
Congratulate me. Today's my birthday. Never thought I'd reach thirty.

Utah calmly draws his magnum, cocks it, and cradles the huge handgun in his lap.

UTAH
You knew I'd be here, huh?

BODIE
(nods yes)
It went bad, brah. Real bad. I just.. felt it was time...

A booming roar sounds from the ocean. Bodie gazes at the waves, with amazement, and perhaps fear.

Time to dance with the universe.

The condemned man takes a breath. He lowers his eyes, then silently gestures toward the ocean.

I could never handle a jail cell.

They stare deep into each other's eyes.

UTAH
Want the ultimate thrill, you gotta be willing to pay the ultimate price.

Bodie stands, lifting the longboard up underneath his arm. He half smiles, then turns toward the water, and starts walking. He stops. Turns around.

BODIE
Thanks, brah.

Bodie doesn't wait for a reply. He walks to the water's edge, and never looks back.

He throws his board into the foam, and paddles, the riptide pulling him out. The monsters dwarf his body, as they quickly suck him into the holocaust.

UTAH

curls his arms around his knees and solemnly waits for the universe to deliver final justice.

BODIE

rises up the mammoth hump, barely clearing the top, before the wave breaks. He disappears down the backside.

UTAH

just waits.

BODIE

is nothing more than a speck as he shoots across the lip of the monster wave, carving the board downward, straight down the enormous face, locked for a glorious moment in harmony

with nature's best, before the mountain of water closes out, and buries the Bodhisattva in a whitewater grave. Pieces of broken surfboard explode upward, only to fall back into the raging whiteness and vanish.

UTAH

remains pensive, arms wrapped around his knees, staring blankly at the holocast. He drops his head.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BELLS BEACH - SUNSET

Seagulls rise into the heavens, as the flaming cottonball extinguishes itself in the horizon, casting a holy glow upon the shore. A fragment of surfboard lies in the wet sand.

JOHNNY UTAH

has not moved. He stares blankly at the South Pacific.

TYLER

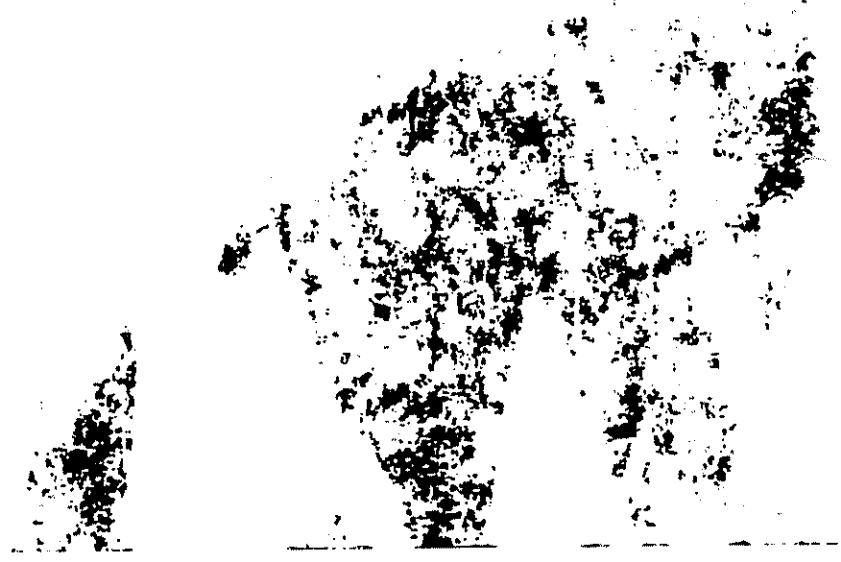
drops into frame. Her hair different, more bleached out, frazzled from the sun. Utah never turns to greet her. She sits, and gently cups her hand over his.

TYLER
Did he show?

Utah slowly nods. Tyler seems to understand. She stares at the riderless surf, then back at her man.

UTAH
He got what he paid for.

Utah finally turns to his woman. They hold each others gaze a long moment, then curl an arm around each others shoulder, as they turn and quietly focus upon the ocean.

The camera pulls back, rising above their heads, revealing an unforgiving surf crashing against the Australian shore.

FADE TO BLACK